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THE

MUSE'S MIRROUR:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF POEMS,

Written by the following AUTHORS:

Mr. Pope
Swift
Churchill
Gray
Colman
Wilkes
Lloyd
Thornton
Garrick
Anſty
Jernyngham
C. Denis
Sheridan
Cumberland
Cunningham
Edmund Waller
Julius Mickle
Schomberg
J. Philips
Law. Sterne
Newell-Puddicombe
T. Vaughan

Mr. Soam Jenyns
H. Kelly
Fowkes
Woty
Aaron Hill
Bryant Edwards
M'Millan
Cha. Crawford
Wm. Whitehead
Paul Whitehead
Evelyn Meadows
Dr. Parnell
Young
Goldſmith
Berkley
Langhorne
S. Johnſon
Sheridan
Burton
Rev. Mr. Maſon
Caſwal
P. Stockdale

Rev. Mr. Ogilvie
Nath. Lloyd
Lord Carliſle
Lyttelton
Palmerſton
Sir Tho. H. Williams
Alex. Schomberg
Hon. C. Townſhend
Mr. Fitzpatrick
C. Fox
Mr. Erſkine
Capt. Thompſon
Rice
Lady M. W. Montague
Mrs. Montague
Lady Craven
Mrs. Vaughan
Lennox
Greville
Miſs Sally Carter
H. Moore
Aikin

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE EDITOR and COLLECTOR of the following POEMS does not conceive it neceſſary to make any apology for what he has done; but arrogates to himſelf the right of ſome attention for the collecting of ſuch pieces as would have died upon their births: although the productions of the beſt poets and men of genius for the laſt twenty years.

One would imagine the compoſitions of ſuch men had not required any perſon's vigilance to preſerve them—that their own merits had been ſufficient to have inſured them perpetuity: but

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when they come into the wide world, like the Ephemeron on a ſunny day, to attract the admiration of the curious, they require ſome careful hand to preſerve their beauties for a future examination. This hath been the attentive labour of the Editor.

Perhaps no people are ſo careleſs of their fugitive natural children as poets: they rhyme as ſubjects ſtrike the fancy, or as their friends requeſt, and theſe compoſitions they give and diſtribute without a thought to fame or themſelves: by which means, they often ſink in eternal oblivion, or moulder away in the ſcented drawers of ſome partial admirer's beaureau. Every mechanic that makes a wheel, or a pen; every muſician that thrums an inſtrument, or compoſes a very diſcord; who never felt on his ear, or produced with breath or finger a diapaſon, ſhall yet meet with ears as dull as his own execution, and hands to even reward his jargons: while the heaven inſpired bard ſhall be coolly thanked for his ſonnet, elegy,

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elegy, epithilamium and epitaph. No value is placed on the labours of the poet's mind: but the dulleſt villain of a lawyer ſhall be paid for drawing a deed, though the errors it contains may loſe the client an eſtate.

If this obſervation is obſolete, nevertheleſs it was the caſe with *Homer* and *Milton*; and hath been the equal fate of *Cunningham*, *Smart*, and *Lloyd*. The firſt lived and died in obſcurity, and even with the labour of acting ſcarce exiſted. The ſecond wrote an elegant epithalamium on the marriage of *Lord Warkworth* and *Lady Suſan Stuart*, for which he was generouſly rewarded *with five guineas*. The third died of grief in the Fleet-priſon on the death of his beloved friend *Churchill*, whoſe generoſity had been his ſupport in his wretched ſtate of confinement.

The man whom the God of Wit hath enlightened with divine Poeſy, does not tread the earth like common men; his ideas are elevated

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above the ordinary level of mortality; and while thoſe of humbler minds prowl and labour for wealth, he diſſolves his hours in a fine phrenzy and heavenly contemplation. If the progenitors of ſuch men have not provided them with abundance, inattention to the means of ſubſiſtence brings them to diſtreſs and miſery. *Butler* and *Otway* aſked for bread, and *Savage* periſhed. If prudence, that worldly, vulgar virtue, never falls to the ſhare of the man of wit and ſcience, it behoves the dull and uninformed to ſupport the genius, whoſe mind is too elevated and refined to loſe time on the neceſſary attentions due to his exiſtence: and if men of buſineſs would weigh with equal ardour the abilities of the poet with their plumbs, they would give from the cloſe-locked drawer what would do them honour, and benefit human nature in general. But men whoſe ſouls are cribb'd and cabbin'd, cannot be inſpired with generoſity by precept: genius muſt be poor, and fools and knaves will be rich.

In

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In *Pagan* lands the Seer is reverenced even to admiration; and the followers of *Mahomet* reſpect with a ſuperſtitious awe even the fool; from a true principle of humanity—that the two are equally unable to maintain themſelves. The one is above ſtooping to a groveling buſineſs, that may take him from his ſtudies and reflections; and the other is incapacitated: for the one Heaven hath done too much; for the other, too little.

But this is a maze, in which, if I wander further, I muſt be bewildered. I ſhall therefore premiſe, that my intentions have been in this collection to preſerve the beſt fugitive compoſitions, that have been wandering about the world, till I opened this aſylum for their reception; wherein the verſes of the following authors will be read to the lateſt period of time.

Mr. Churchill,
Mr. Wilkes,
Mr. Cunningham,
Mr. Colman,
Mr. Sheridan,
Mrs. Greville,
Mr. Erſkine,
Mr. M'Millan,
Hon.

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Hon. Cha. Townſend,	Mr. Sterne,
Mr. Lloyd,	Lord Carliſle,
Mr. Gray,	Mrs. Lennox,
Mr. Maſon,	Mr. P. Whitehead,
Mr. Jerningham,	Mr. Stockdale,
Mrs. Montague,	Mr. Smart,
Capt. Thompſon.	Mr. Hill,
Mr. Anſty,	Mr. Vaughan,
Dean Berkley,	Hon. Charles Fox,
Mr. Thornton,	Miſs Aikin,
Mr. Kelly,	Mr. W. Whitehead
Mr. Garrick,	Mr. George Caſwal,
Mr. Ogilvie,	Dr. Goldſmith,
Mrs. Carter,	Sir C. H. Williams,
Mr. Schomberg,	Mr. S. Jennyns,
Mr. Woty,	Lord Palmerſton, &
Mr. C. Dennis,	

As no palace can be approached without Maſter of Ceremonies, and no book brough forward without a Dedication, I beg to giv that which *Philips* intended for his *Splend Skilling*, and for the beſt reaſon in the world,- becauſe it is better than any I can write.

M

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Mr. John Philips's *deſigned Dedication to his Poem called* THE SPLENDID SHILLING, *to* Wm. Brome *Eſq. of Ewithington, in the County of Hereford.*

SIR,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the riſe and progreſs of dedications. The uſe of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reaſon to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottos, anagrams, and frontiſpieces being introduced, dedications were mightily diſcouraged, and at laſt abdicated. But to diſcover preciſely when they were reſtored, and by whom they were firſt uſher'd in, is a work that far tranſcends my knowledge; a work that can juſtly be expected from no other pen but that of your operoſe Doctor Bentley. Let us therefore at preſent acquieſce in the dubiouſneſs of their antiquity, and think the authority of the paſt and preſent times a ſufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Eſpecially ſince in this age, dedications are not only faſhionable, but almoſt neceſſary; and indeed they are now ſo much in vogue, that a book without one, is as ſeldom ſeen as a bawdy-houſe without a practice of piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, thoſe who have no friends, dedicate to all good chriſtians; ſome to their bookſellers; ſome for want of a ſublunary patron to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help thoſe hen-peck'd writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk ſo much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and ſeem rather to make an eſſay on dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I preſume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for ſaying nothing to the purpoſe. You, Sir, are a perſon more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourſelf. Should I but mention your ſkill in turning, and the compaſſion you ſhew'd to my fingers ends when you gave me a Tobacco-ſtopper, you would bluſh and be confounded with your juſt praiſes. How much more would

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would you, ſhould I tell you what a progreſs you have made in that abſtruſe and uſeful language, the Saxon? Since therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove ſo troubleſome, I ſhall offend your modeſty no longer. Give me leave to ſpeak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we conſider the moral, the newneſs of the ſubject, the variety of images, and the exactneſs of the ſimilitudes that compoſe it, muſt be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The ſubject of my poem is, myſelf, a ſubject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by thoſe few divine commendatory verſes written by the admirable Monſieur le Bog. Yet ſince I am the ſubject, and the poet too, I ſhall ſay no more of it, leſt I ſhould ſeem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have took particular care that it ſhould lie incognito, not like the ancients who let you know at firſt ſight they deſign ſomething by their verſes. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or deſign, which muſt needs be a diverting ſurprize to the reader. What ſhall I ſay of the ſimiles that are ſo full of geography, that you muſt get a Welſhman to underſtand them? That ſo raiſe our ideas of the things they are apply'd to? That are ſo extraordinarily quaint and well choſen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, ſay, *Avia pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vaſt difference between ſome parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble ſervant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finiſhed when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's houſe to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty ſhall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Eſſay on Minced Pies, which ſhall be devoted to you with all ſubmiſſion, by

SIR, your moſt obliged
and humble Servant
J. PHILIPS.

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MUSE'S MIRROUR.

EPITAPH.

On a LADY who died of a Conſumption at Briſtol Wells.
Written by her HUSBAND.

WHOE'ER like me, with trembling anguiſh brings
His heart's whole treaſure to fair Briſtol's ſprings:
Whoe'er like me, to ſoothe diſeaſe and pain,
Shall pour thoſe ſalutary ſprings in vain:
Condemn'd like me to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the ſinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb deſpair the ſhort'ning breath;——
If chance directs him to this artleſs line,
Let the ſad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to loſe the part'ner of my breaſt,
Whoſe virtue warm'd me, and whoſe beauty bleſt,
Fram'd every tie that binds the ſoul to prove
Her duty friendſhip,—and her friendſhip love.

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But yet, rememb'ring thus the parting ſigh,
Appoints the juſt to ſlumber, not to die.
The ſtarting tear I check'd,—I kiſs'd the rod,
And not to earth reſign'd her,—but to God.
May 1773.

The following ſcholaſtick anecdote, though well known, hath never been told on paper. A claſs at a public ſchool had the following theme given for an exerciſe :—" And " he changed water into wine." One of the boys of the form had been negligent and truant, and not having done his task, the maſter ordered him to be had up and flogged—he gave him one cut with the rod—when the youth expecting a continuation of the ſeverity, cried out, " Sir, I have finiſh'd the theme—"

" *Lympha pudica Deum vidit---et erebuit.*"
" The water bluſh'd—and own'd the God."

The elegance of this extempore Epigram needs no further Panegyrick.

On

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On the marriages of Mr. Heartly to Miſs Lavender; and of Mr. Stephney to Miſs Champaigne, Jan. 1768.

THRICE happy Heartley, who at once could gain
A wife of beauty, *Lavender*, and joy:
And Stephney ſparkling o'er his rich *Champaigne*,
With ſuch a friend and bottle cannot cloy.

E. T.

To an Inn-keeper on the weſtern Road, who hangs out the Sign of the Ass and Crown.

REPLY mine hoſt to hapleſs England's rhimes,
Pray is thy ſign a ſatire on the times?
For none upon the Weſtern road can paſs,
But ſee a Crown ſupported by an Aſs:
And ſince the picture with theſe times don't ſuit,
What mean'ſt thou hoſt by crowning of a brute?
So dull a beaſt all genius muſt diſown,
And yet you clap upon his head a crown:
Who would have thought ſuch things could come to paſs?
A *Lion's diadem* to fit an Aſs!

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An IMPROMTU, in 1768;

By G—— C——, Esq. upon a lady in the Borrough, being married to a Tanner.

THE bridegroom he is a stout tanner,
From the Borrough forth came the young bride;
But when he gets into the Borrough,
Oh! how he will tan her young hide.

G. C.

EPIGRAM,

On a country 'Squire who kiss'd his dog—and turn'd on his beautiful wife.

WHAT various passions rule the human race,
Dice, horses, dogs, cards, music, and the chace:
Wou'd one believe, there's such a brute in life?
James kiss'd his hound, and turn'd upon his wife!

The

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The Epiſtle of Paul to the MED'NHAMITES.

TO our good father Abbot, and eke to the meeting
Of all the fraternity—Paul, he ſends greeting;
And wiſhes, (but wiſhes, alas! will not do)
Like Teague he could bring his epiſtle to you:
But old Nick having long mark'd my pious behaviour,
How my pray'rs riſe to heav'n, a ſweet ſmelling ſavour;
And fearing one monk ſhould eſcape from his clutches,
Has wrapt me in flannel, and propt me on crutches:
"What, you want to be at your devotions (he cry'd),
"Your mattins, and veſpers, and faſtings beſide?
"Full of zeal and of grace, to lie ſnug in your cell,
"And bilk of a brother, the monarch of hell?
"No, no, by my pitch-fork, I wont let you go:"
Then his padlock he clapt hiſſing hot on my toe.

Quoth I, Mr. Devil, 'tis all a pretence;—
If righteouſneſs gives you ſuch mighty offence;
Would not Med'nham's walls many ſaints more ſupply?
Twelve brothers---and all---full as righteous as I?
Why on me, then alone, ſhould your vengeance thus fall;
Why not Thomas, or Francis, as well as St. Paul?
On Ayleſbury John, why your anger not place,
Who, all muſt allow is ſo brimful of grace?

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" D'ye think, reply'd Satan, I'm grown ſuch an owl,
" To miſtake my own children, tho' ſkreen'd in a cowl?
" All their merits I tell you, to me are well known,
" Keep you but away, the whole chapter's my own;
" No faſting and praying---all riot and roaring,
" Such ſwearing, blaſpheming, ſuch drinking and whoring,
" It will make my heart glad their devotions to hear,
" (For, to tell you the truth, I deſign to be there)
" Now my ſport might be marr'd by your ſoul-ſaving-
" ſample,
" Should the brothers all follow your pious example,
" But keep you away, I ſecure all the ſtock,
" For one ſcabby ſheep often ſpoils a whole flock."

If 'tis ſo, Mr. Satan, your favour to win,
Let me go—and no brother ſhall beat me in ſin;
To your ſervice alone my retreat I'll devote—
Nay—for abbot, (who knows) I may give my vote.
—If not—tho' you chance to be choſe by the reſt—
Againſt the whole conclave, by G——, I'll proteſt.
" Kiſs my a——, (cry'd old Nick,) do you think I'll be
" flamm'd----
" Stay at home and be ſav'd--they ſhall go and be d--n'd."

P. W.

Pro-

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Prologue to the HOBBY HORSE*.

Written by G. COLMAN, Eſq. and ſpoken by MR. BENSLEY.

SO ſtrange the humours of the human race,
The mind has more complections than the face:
Each as he likes ſome HOBBY HORSE beſtrides,
On which, once mounted, all his life he rides.
Advent'rous youths the gallant *war-horſe* charms,
And bears them forth to deeds of blood and arms;
Like Roſinante carries them aſtray,
And with our modern Quixots runs away.
Jockies their triumphs at New-market boaſt,
And with the *race-horſe* enter at the poſt:
Stateſmen, the *great horſe* mount; deſpiſe all ſport,
And paw in the grand manage of a court,
Females hunt after whiſt, quadrille, and loo,
And on ſide ſaddles mount their HOBBIES too.
Our poet, who long walk'd the quarter-deck,
Whom no fears damp, no lukewarm cautions check,

* This farce was the firſt dramatic production of Capt. E. Thompſon, and being played for a benefit, had not that attention ſhewed to the repreſentation as ſuch pieces require; in conſequence thereof, not meeting a very warm reception, it was never performed again.

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Like Neptune's Triton ſounds his ſhell, and braves
On a *ſea-horſe* the fury of the waves:
On ſhore too vaults on Pegaſus' his back,
Like a Tarpaulin on a Portſmouth hack:
Turns Yorkſhire dealer, and now brings for ſale
A rough wild colt, but blood from head to tail,
Yet though unbroke, unbitted, he appear,
And all unfit to run this hard career,
Next ſeaſon, better train'd, he'll tread the courſe,
Do you but now approve the HOBBY HORSE.

On Hogarth's Print of Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Painting. Written by Mr. C. Churchill *when at* Mr. Dell's, *in Kew-foot Lane, April* 18, 1764.

ALL muſt old Hogarth's gratitude declare,
Since he has nam'd old *Chaos* for his heir:
And while his works hang round that anarch's throne,
The connoiſſeurs will take them for his own.

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A SONNET,

On the Report of another War, in 1764.

I.

HOW I ſuffer'd awake, how I ſuffer'd in dream,
How I ſuffer'd for thee when a cruizing the ſeas;
But the ſea of my boſom is chang'd to the ſtream,
My ſailor's arriv'd, and my ſoul is at eaſe.

II.

O hear my petition, thou ſtern god of ſea,
Do not tear my dear ſailor again from my ſide!
'Tis beauty complains, ſhe implores it of thee,
O hear me, you know ſhe cannot be denied.

III.

If Cupid, that tyrant, ſuperior to you,
Decrees he muſt go, I ſubmit with a tear:
But pray tell that god if he lov'd as I do,
He'd feel what I feel: and he'd let him ſtay here.

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To the Memory of Major Alderton, *who was twice run thro' the body, and once ſhot: who for bravery, charity, and generoſity, few equall'd, and none excell'd.*

By Capt. Thompson.

SO Death the old Stager
Hath trip'd up the Major:
But who ſuch a puſher could parry?
He twice ran him thro',
Before it would do;
But now, he's as dead as old Harry.

Extempore on ſeeing Hoole's Tragedy of Cyrus.

MASTER Hoole,
Thou'rt not a fool:
But, do not tire us
More with Cyrus.

S.

On

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On the College of Wadham at Oxford being inſured from Fire, after a Member had been ſuſpected of an unnatural Crime.

WELL did the amorous ſons of Wadham,
Their houſe ſecure from future flame;
They knew their crime, the crime of Sodom,
And judg'd their puniſhment the ſame.

On a Lady's ſporting a Somerſet.

By the Facetious LAWRENCE STERNE.

I Saw, I ſaw, I know not what,
I ſaw a daſh above a dot,
Preſenting to my contemplation
A perfect mark of admiration!

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A Madame du Bocage.

By M. de VOLTAIRE.

J'AVOIS fait un vœu témiraire
De chanter un jour à la fois
Les graces, l'eſprit, l'art de plaire,
Le talent d'unir, ſous ſes loix
Le Dieu du Pinde & de Cythère;
Sur cet object fixant mon choix,
Je cherchois ce rare aſſemblage;
Nul autre ne puet me toucher;
Mais je vis hier du Bocage,
Et je n'eus plus rien à chercher.

Imitated, and addreſſed to the fair Miſs Boſville.

HOW raſh is the vow which thy poet hath made,
Without the aſſurance of wit to his aid;
At once to attempt in one woman to find
The graces of perſon, the charms of the mind:
In one to unite, and in one to approve
The wiſe god of verſe, and the gay god of love:
Having ſettled my choice on an object like this,
In vain did I view every matron and miſs;
Until beauteous BOSVILLE appear'd in full feather,
And out-did the MUSES and GRACES together.

E. T.

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Lines written by Mr. Garrick, Dec. 20, 1765, at Hampton, in Colman's Tranſlation of Terence.

JOY to my friend, as Engliſh wit
Which Johnſon, Congreve, Vanbrugh writ,
Thy Terence ſhall be known:
Joy to myſelf! for all the fame
Which ever ſhall attend thy name,
I feel as half my own.

EPIGRAM,

On the Double Miſtake, and the Motto to it, "*Depreſſa Reſurgam*": by CAPT. THOMPSON.

THE half of depreſſa—reſurgam—omit,
If you think you're riſing—by G— you are bit.

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To a LADY *fond of the Game of* QUADRILLE. *By the ſame.*

TO cards the fair dame is ſo very a ſlave,
That when death calls her ſoul from the land,
Should three but ſit down to quadrille on her grave,
She would riſe with the vole in her hand.

By the Rev. Mr. GEORGE CASWELL, *to his Friend, in* 1766.

IF to be born a poet, and a tar,
Can place thee, deareſt Ned, in Merit's car;
To thee belong, e'en Envy muſt allow,
The ſword of Pallas, and Apollo's bow.

On the Death of TOM OSBORNE *the Bookſeller, in Sept.* 1766.

OF a dull heavy folio, here reſts the laſt page,
And what is more true, the beſt half:
It had nothing within it, informing or ſage,
'Twas unletter'd and bound up in calf.

On

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On an ill-match'd Couple in Cornwall, Mr. CAREW, *and his beautiful* LADY.

THAT maxim of matches being made up in heaven,
This marriage I'm ſure muſt confute:
No God lent a hand, it was made up in Devon,
An angel was wed to a brute.

Lines written by the Biſhop of Glouceſter on Mr. Pope's Monument in Twickenham Church.

Here lies one who refuſed to be interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Poeta Loquitur.

HEROES and Kings your diſtance keep,
In peace let one poor poet ſleep;
Who never flatter'd folks like you;
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too!

The

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The Great John, Duke of Marlborough, built a ſuperb Arch over a gutter in Blenheim Park, which gave occaſion to a wit of that period, to write the following characteriſtic diſtich on the Occaſion.

THE arch, the height of his ambition ſhows,
The ſtream*, the emblem of his bounty flows.

A PROPHETIC EPIGRAM.

By CHARLES CHURCHILL, in 1765.

STRIVE to what end, dear Thompſon, that you pleaſe,
You ſhall eſcape the bullet and the ſeas:
Wilkes and yourſelf ſhall ſhare one common lot,
And owe at laſt——your ruin to a *Scot*.

* Whoever remembers the character of the Duke of Malborough, will not be at a loſs to reconcile the contraſt of the arch and the ſtream.

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A NEW DESCRIPTION

OF

LISBON, and of CYNTRA,

The Paradiſe of PORTUGAL.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND at LONDON.

THIS tumble-down city, ſo famous of yore,
Which Ulyſſes found out as he row'd along ſhore,
Is now got together by very hard labour,
And not by Dan Orpheus' or Amphion's tabor;
Tho' ſuch a quick builder as either of theſe
Would ſuit to a tittle a Portugueſe eaſe:
For if this huge town could be fiddled together,
Young Baron * alone would have Anthony's † feather.
He has got all their favonrs by drawing their faces,
His men are all heroes, his ladies all graces:
He has hit on Gay's plan, which all painters ſhould follow,
His belles are from Venus, his beaux from Apollo.
I have known a dull huſband, a thick-headed fellow,
(Who a word never utter'd unleſs he was mellow,

* Mr. Baron, a pupil of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, a youth of ſome genius for muſic and painting

† St. Anthony, the tutelar St. of Portugal.

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A plain man in trade, who ſold ſugar and candles)
By Baron drawn forth in fierce helmet and ſandals;
Who, on 'Change, tho' as tame as a tame Jerry Sneak,
At home is transform'd into Roman or Greek;
And a pert ſimp'ring Mam, to make pincuſhions bred,
Appears a Miſs Di, with a moon on her head:
And, as goddeſſes always have nymphs to come a'ter,
A bow and a quiver are hung on her daughter.
To flatter theſe bourgeois, the painter ranſacks
The Pantheon for dreſſes to cover their backs:
Gods and goddeſſes now may look down on the ſhow,
And this factory farce chriſten *High Life Below*.

Each wiſe Engliſh doctor (at beſt a damn'd rogue)
At laſt hath made Liſbon a city of vogue.
Where each patient's conſign'd, when of life there's no hope,
To try a new air, and the prayr's of the Pope:
But if they were better, that damnable racket,
Which the ocean kicks up in a paltry packet,
Is enough in a week, if they really were well;
With the ſea in the bay, to remit them to Hell.
If you take all our caſh, let us die, and don't plague us,
The Styx * is enough without croſſing the Tagus *.
Ye mortals conſumptive, (a truth worth attending)
When the thread of your health is once broke, 'tis paſt mending.
'Tis a pick-pocket remedy doctors preſcribe,
For dying abroad ſaves the fame of the tribe.

* A river of Hell, and a river in Portugal.

To

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To conſumptions this iſle is ſo very unkind,
That you melt like a candle which ſtands in the wind:
Nay, had you the gold of this river of yore,
Or the purſe of a Nabob, or old Crœſus' ſtore,
I ſwear by St. Tony the taverns would have
Ev'ry moidore before you could get to your grave;
For the ſcoundrels of Bath, whom all trav'llers condemn,
Are angels to theſe Roman ſponges of men.
Here's one C---y ſo keen, ſhut your mouth when in bed,
Or by Jove he will ſteal ev'ry tooth in your head!
Aſk my banker, he'll prove what I ſay to be true,
That a Jo * does leſs here than a guinea with you.
The natives are proud, and the natives are ſullen:
The blackſmiths wear ſwords, and the prieſts they wear woollen;
And if you're invited to any one's table,
To get at the houſe you muſt paſs thro' the ſtable.
Tho' ſo holy the folks---they're in need much of paint,
For in common blue tiles they depict ev'ry ſaint:
They've a thouſand of tutelar gods great and ſmall,
But St. Anthony, Sir,---is the captain of all.
Saints are mortar'd on ev'ry houſe, like a ſign,
But they do not denote either victuals or wine:
And beneath them are written ſome myſtical letters,
Not known to the mob, nor believ'd by their betters:
For the pure holy virgin, at veſper and matin,
Is always addreſs'd by the fathers in Latin;

* The coin, called a Johannes, 1l. 16s.

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Which is not underſtood by one man in eleven,
Yet ſtill they believe it the high road to Heaven.---
When firſt I arriv'd---in a paſſion I ſwore,
That I'd got by miſtake on the foul Scottiſh ſhore;
When I paſs'd from a friend's to my lodgings to bed,
They emptied their jordans---ſwiſh---ſwaſh---on my head:
What I tell you is true---I'm not cracking of jokes,---
There's nothing ſo like as the Scots and theſe folks;
Their manners, their cloathing, their diet and houſes,
The filth of the dames, and the pride of their ſpouſes.
The king and the queen have three millions per ann.
With which he keeps women,—but ſhe not a man;
She makes hunting, and ſhooting, and fiſhing her ſport,
But will not let a lady appear at the court:
For her majeſty's jealous, and if ſhe was not,
The king for his kiſſing, perhaps, might be ſhot.
For he, a ſly rogue, to indulge his lewd funn'ry,
Kept a ſtring of ſweet laſſes coop'd up in a nunn'ry:
But, once as he went, he eſcap'd to a hair-o,
Being ſhot at one night by the duke de Averio;
And now the ſweet lady is ſhut up for life;
To keep peace at home with his *maſculine* wife.
For this the ſweet Tavora * loſt her poor head;
For this huſband, children, and kindred all bled.

* The Marchioneſs of Tavora (who was beheaded with her huſband, children, and the Duke de Aveiro, for attempting to aſſaſſinate the late king of Portugal) was without exception the fineſt woman in Europe; it was her daughter that the king had ſeduced. As he was returning from the convent where he had been, the Duke attempted to ſhoot him.

Ah!

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Ah! ladies, take care;---ſee what ills do environ
The monarch who ſtirs in behalf of a ſiren.
O think what a king in Old England you've got,
Who by nurſing at home ſhuns abroad ev'ry plot.
Let's have done with the ſtate,---who, perhaps, may not pardon
An opinion ſo free; ſo we'll talk of their garden.
But it is not like Enna or Eden of yore,
Tho' planted upon a delectable ſhore:
No likeneſs it has---it is all run to weed,
Like the Portugal ſtate—and the Portugal breed.
But if you talk of gardens—your gardens we'll beat:
Tho' Richmond is noble—and Cobham is ſweet,
We have one above theſe—as they're 'bove Jenny's Whim,*
'Tis the ſpot of Calypſo and Mr. de Vim.
You have here all the flowers and fruits of the earth;
It was here that the beautiful Flora had birth:
A garden this is! (for indeed there's no weed in)
'Tis the Enna of yore, the original Eden;
'Tis the Hortus Adonidis—juſt what you pleaſe;
'Tis full of exotics, and beautiful trees.
Ye lads, and ye laſſes, who coo like the dove,
Here are ſweet groves of myrtles, deſign'd to make love;

* Perhaps there is not another garden in the world, wherein ſo many vegetable beauties and rarities are collected as in this of M. De Vims, who has great taſte and elegance, joined to a natural and acquired knowledge of Botany. He had a brother, who reſided ſome years in China, from whom he received many curious plants, and which are only to be ſeen in this garden. The civility of this gentleman to every ſtranger does him infinite honour; but politeneſs is inſeparable to the man of manners, travel, and education.

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Here are fountains to bathe in—nor could a fair miſs
Refuſe a ſweet rape in a garden like this.
Old Mahomet's paradiſe—full of young brims,
Is White-Conduit Houſe to this ſpot of De Vim's.
You have ſweet beds of roſes for ever and ay,
And when Pollia was here, ſhe was queen of the May.
Farewell—'tis the ſhades for the Muſes and Graces,
For poets and heroes, fine maids and fine faces.
Ye gods! 'tis the claſſick *ſub tegminè fagi*,
Where Philſis and Chloe make hay with the Magi.

But no more of De Vim, and his garden of bliſs,
I've a ſight to deſcribe, that's inferior to this.
Under canopy royal of purple and gold,
The king, queen, and court, were all plac'd to behold
A holy proceſſion, which Engliſhmen dread;
With a cuſhion ſupporting the wine and the bread,
To which you muſt kneel, nor be knock'd on the head.
To the pride of John Bull 'tis a damnable hurt,
To kneel to this thing in the midſt of the dirt:
But the king and the queen do the ſame when it paſſes,
As alſo the reſt of the catholic aſſes.

The noble who breaks ope a letter muſt ſwing,
Unleſs it is done at the court 'fore the King:
And whenever her majeſty travels afloat,
The bargemen talk bawdy while ſhe's in the boat.
So, when ladies ride out in the kingdom of Spain,
They're treated the ſame by each ruſtical ſwain.

The

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The ladies, God bleſs 'em, have pretty black eyes,
Are brown, and Dutch built, of a middling ſize;
They have ſweet taper legs, and white teeth, and ſmall feet;
But theſe to the Portugal men are no treat;
Thick legs are the taſte, the *bon ton*, and the pride,
And the ſmall ones theſe Hottentot fools lay aſide;
And as Dublin has laid on thick legs no embargo,
With brooms and potatoes I'd ſend them a cargo.
But the ſhining black hair which adorns their ſweet faces,
And entitles theſe belles to the name of the Graces.
Is ſpoilt by vile powder of yellow and green,
And looks like a head that has not been comb'd clean;
Such a tail too behind, and ſuch loads of pomatum,
E'en your macaronies would thoroughly hate 'em;
And they ſmelt of lamp-oil too ſo ſtrong when I buſsd 'em,
That I damn'd, in my love-fits, this ſtinkabus cuſtom.
But the reaſon they give us ſtill adds to their ſhame—
They mean to appear like the ſmart Engliſh dame,
Who, if tranſplanted here from a millener's ſhop,
With hands perhaps callous with twirling the mop,
With rubbing the irons, and ſcowering the ſtairs,
Gets in a calaſh—and then gives herſelf airs.
You muſt not boaſt to us of your toaſts of the Hills,
The ſmart Caro Vernon, and pretty Miſs Mills;
Your Phœbes are all by Miſs Collins out done;
She's ſweet as the orange-flower nurs'd in the ſun.

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We have one or two more too as pretty as ſhe,
The fair Mrs. Hunter, and dear Charlotte Dee.
The ſweet Britiſh beauties which reign on this coaſt,
Whom a good duke of Glouceſter hath honour'd to toaſt,
Are worthy the praiſe of the duke and the bard;
While I live, while I write, they ſhall have my regard;
For tell me a breaſt generoſity fires
With a ſpirit more noble than gay Mrs. Myres?
But when affectation and frippery airs
Deſcend from the belles who have ſcowered down the ſtairs,
Such aukward impertinence curſedly hurts
In mother B——n, and a pert Mrs. S——z,
Who pretend to make routs, give *fançons**, and ſet faſhions,
As if we were ideots, and they were Circaſſians.
But the taſte of the natives too even beats that:
For they hate every woman unleſs ſhe is fat:
And if we conſider the heat of the weather,
The thinner the better for lieing together,
But what we call guſto, they cenſure as traſh—
So, Liſbon adieu, and I'll mount my calaſh.
Now my pains and fatigues I give all to the wind,
Sweet Cyntra's in view, and old Liſbon's behind.
What god, or what goddeſs, firſt planted this place?
What genius, what fairy, what muſe, or what grace,
Exerted their fancies at once to create
An Eden for man in his primitive ſtate?

* *Fançon*, ſo called in Liſbon.

Here

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Here Flora, Pomona, Vertumnus appear,
In jubilee liveries dreſs'd through the year;
And Pleaſure ſmiles ſweet, with her apron of flowers,
Which ſhe ſtrews on the way for the feet of the hours,
Who wantonly trip on the light ſilken toe,
As blythe as the lark, and as light as the doe.
This, this is the ſpot which dame Nature deſign'd
For her fav'rite retreat—and the beſt of mankind:
She ſtudied to make it the beauty of earth,
So in ſearch of each excellence Nature went forth:
She collected the mountain, the rock, and the hill,
The fountain, the river, the ſea, and the rill,
The plain, and the valley—the ſhrub, flow'r, and tree,
Of every virtue, of every degree:
And when all theſe beauties together ſhe got,
And was viewing with rapture this elegant ſpot,
It appears that ſome ſtrange interruption enſued,
And ſhe left them unſorted, wild, beautiful, rude.
Dear ſhade of De Caſtro*, attend to my pray'r,
Still watch o'er theſe beauties—make Cyntra thy care;
Still guard her ſweet trees from the axe and the blight,
From lightnings by day, and from tempeſts by night;
Thy name in theſe lines ſhall for ages be read,
When ſweet Pina Verde is wither'd and dead.
Was Cameons † living, the muſes would rove,
And lead their Jov'd poet from mountain to grove;

* De Caſtro, a noble of Portugal, who produced the revolution in favour of the Braganza family—a great navigator, who retired to the garden of Pina Verde.

† A celebrated poet of Portugal in the ſixteenth century.

The

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The lays which he'd write, all the fairies would ſing
By the light of the moon as they danc'd in the ring;
Such poeſy ſweet would be fair as the theme,
As ſublime as her mountain, as pure as her ſtream.
Here Pollia the fair a borrico † did ride,
And happy was he that did walk by her ſide;
For ſo pretty ſhe look'd, that the ſwains came to woo,
And they flatter'd her ſo, that I thought her untrue:
But I was miſtaken, as lovers will be,
And I hope to be ſo while there's ſalt in the ſea.
Through foreſts we roam'd of Heſperian trees,
Where ſuch fragrance was ſhed from the wings of the breeze:
As ſhe paſs'd, that each floret unfolded its bloom,
And the air was throughout one continued perfume.
They thought her their goddeſs, and well they might err,
For Flora is not half ſo pretty as her.
Such a garland of flowers round her head did I twine,
That the Dryads, who ſaw her, pronounc'd her divine.
And divine ſhe ſhall be—for I ſwear by thoſe charms
Which have melted my ſoul, while ſhe lay in my arms,
By the roſe in her cheek which eternally blows,
By her dimples of love, and the *curl* of her noſe,
While my tongue can but wag, or my pen can but move,
They both ſhall be ſacred to Pollia and love.
The evergreen flow'rs of Parnaſſus I'll chuſe,
Bedew'd in thy fountain, O ſweet Arethuſe!

† An aſs—the ladies palfrey of this ſlaviſh country.

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And their ſprigs with ſuch art, with ſuch nature I'll twine,
That ages unborn ſhall eſteem her divine.
No more will I ſay, and I cannot end better
Than ſaying that Pollia approves of the letter;
She approves of the place, ſhe approves too of me,
And an angèl like her muſt with Cyntra agree.
Croſs the ſea—come away—if enchantment you'd know,
For there's no other heaven, but Cyntra below!

E. T-------.

CHARACTER of MODERN POETRY.

By MR. M'MILLAN.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

WHO has not heard what few have ſeen,
The yellow robes of ſprightly green
Which o'er my Laura's ſhoulders flow?—
Lovely Laura, is't not ſo?

Sweet the roſe when wet with dew:
Lovely Roſalind, adieu!
From cloud to cloud, from eaſt to weſt,
'Tis pun and pathos, fun and jeſt.

Swallows twitter through the ſhade,
Poor Philander! is he dead?

See

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See how winter ſtrips the grove!
Sighs of ſympathy and love.

Extatic extaſies and moans,
Sighs and ſimpers, grins and groans;
Girls of grace, and Fleet-ſtreet bonnets,
Celia's waiſt, and blooming ſonnets.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum:
Gird your armours *cap-a-pee*,
Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

DORINDA,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

By Mr. FITZPATRICK.

IN that ſad ſeaſon when the hapleſs belle
With ſteps reluctant bids the town farewell;
When ſurly huſbands doom th' unwilling fair
To quit St. James's for a purer air,
And, deaf to pity, from their much-lov'd town
Relentleſs bear the beauteous exiles down

To

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To diſmal ſhades, through lonely groves to ſtray,
And ſigh the ſummer live-long months away;
With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,
One morn DORINDA, at her toilet plac'd,
With looks intent and penſive air ſurvey'd
The various charms her faithful glaſs diſplay'd;
Eyes, that might warm the frozen breaſt of age,
Or melt to tenderneſs the tyrant's rage;
Smiles, that enchanting with reſiſtleſs art,
Stole unperceiv'd the heedleſs gazer's heart;
Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambuſh lay,
To aim his arrows at the deſtin'd prey;
And lips, that promis'd in each balmy kiſs
Luxurious harveſt of ambroſial bliſs.
Muſing ſhe ſat, and watch'd each riſing grace
That ſhed its luſtre o'er her heav'nly face,
Till lab'ring grief her anxious ſilence broke,
And ſighing thus the lovely mourner ſpoke:
Were charms like theſe by erring nature meant
For ſober ſolitude and calm content?
Muſt eyes ſo bright be doom'd to waſte their fires
On hungry parſons and unfeeling 'ſquires?
Heav'n, whoſe decrees (if true what prieſts have taught)
Are fram'd by juſtice and with wiſdom fraught,
Sure ne'er created ſuch a form as this
For the dull purpoſe of domeſtic bliſs.
Ah! no, theſe eyes were giv'n in courts to ſhine;
Shall impious man then thwart the wiſe deſign?

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A ſhort-liv'd ſway of ſome few years at moſt
Is all, alas! the brighteſt belle can boaſt
Ere yet the hand of all-devouring time
Lay waſte her graces, and deſtroy her prime:
By ſlow degrees ſhe feels her pow'r decay,
And younger beauties bear the palm away.
Whilſt envious fate thus haſtens to deſtroy
The fleeting period of all female joy,
Shall barb'rous huſbands (whoſe tyrannic rage
Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears aſſuage)
E'en in thoſe years whilſt youth and beauty bloom,
To exile half her precious moments doom?
She goes like ſome neglected flow'r to fade,
And waſte her ſweetneſs in the lonely ſhade,
Till winter (ſo the pitying gods decree)
Returning ſets th' impatient captive free:
Then ſwift emerging ſtom the dull retreat,
To town ſhe flies, admiring crouds to meet;
Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,
One ceaſeleſs round of exquiſite delight:
Balls, op'ras, concerts, *Almack's*, and Soho,
By turns attended, various joy's beſtow:
E'en crouded routs, where dullneſs ever dwells,
Can yield delight to faſhionable belles.
Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their ſpleen,
There, ſeeking whom they may devour, are ſeen,
And, ſtill repining that they muſt be chaſte,
Would mar thoſe pleaſures they're forbid to taſte;

With

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With envious eyes the brilliant nymph they view,
Whilſt eager crouds where-e'er ſhe moves purſue.
If to the play-houſe ſhe by chance repair,
(Not oft frequented by the well-bred fair)
When through the houſe a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Each boſom feeling what the actor feigns,
E'en in the midſt of ſome affecting part
That wakes each ſoft emotion of the heart,
The doors fly open, whilſt the pit beneath
Their diſcontent in ſullen murmurs breathe:
Forward ſhe ſteps with graceful air, and ſpreads
A blaze of beauty o'er their wond'ring heads:
Pit, boxes, gall'ries, all at once concur,
Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
Scarce to the ſtage ſhe turns her high-plum'd head,
Or ſeems to mark one ſyllable that's ſaid;
But careleſs ſits, and on her arm reclin'd
Hears civil ſpeeches from the beaux behind;
Or gently liſtens while ſome well-dreſs'd youth
In whiſper'd accents vows eternal truth.
Obedient ſtill to pleaſure's ſprightly call
She quits the play, and ſeeks the livelier ball:
Each white-glov'd beau with haſte his ſuit prefers,
Preſents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
Well pleas'd ſhe hears the ſuppliant croud intreat,
And feels the triumph of her charms complete.
Should ſome bleſt youth be to the reſt prefer'd,
Whoſe vows in private are with favour heard,

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As through the dance with graceful eaſe ſhe moves,
Their meeting hands expreſs their conſcious loves.
Malicious eyes the lover's looks reſtrain,
And cold diſcretion ſeals his lips in vain;
The faithful hand can unobſerv'd impart
The ſecret feelings of a tender heart:
And oh! what bliſs, when each alike is pleas'd,
The hand that ſqueezes, and the hand that's ſqueez'd!
But whither, whither does my fancy roam?
Ah! let me call the idle wand'rer home.
Already *Phœbus*, with unwelcome ray,
Has chas'd, alas! the winter's fogs away;
Through the ſad town, at each deſerted door,
Leſs frequent now the footman's thunders roar;
Aud waggons loading in the duſty ſtreet,
Forebode the horrors of a long retreat.
Ye ſiſter ſuff'rers, who muſt ſoon or late
All ſhare my ſorrows, and partake my fate,
Who, when condemn'd theſe bleſs'd abodes to quit,
Like me may weep, but muſt like me ſubmit,
When overcome by man's ſuperior force,
Revenge is ſtill the injur'd fair's reſource:
Revenge at leaſt may make our ſuff'rings leſs,
A huſband's anguiſh ſooths a wife's diſtreſs.
When far from town, in ſome ſequeſter'd ſpot,
You mourn the hardſhip of our ſex's lot,
Ill humour, vapours, ſullenneſs, and ſpleen,
May add freſh horrors to the gloomy ſcene,

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And make the tyrants who contrive your fate
Partake the miſery themſelves create.
If, preſs'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
Be all your ſtudy to augment their grief;
If pleas'd or gay, your utmoſt arts employ
To ſink their ſpirits, and diſpel their joy;
Oppoſe their projects, croſs their fav'rite views,
Their wiſhes fruſtrate, their requeſts refuſe;
And make them feel that diſcontented wives
Can prove the torment of their huſbands' lives.

ELIZA, in Anſwer to *****.

AND durſt thou, then, inſulting youth, demand
A ſecond ſpoil from Love's impoveriſh'd ſtore?
Shall ſtrains like thine a ſecond kiſs command.
Thankleſs for one, becauſe I gave no more?

One lamp irradiates all yon azure heaven,
One polar ſtar directs the pilot's way;
Yet what bold wretch complains no more were given,
Or doubts the bleſſing of each friendly ray?

One timorous kiſs, which multitudes might bode,
At once thy ſun and guiding ſtar had prov'd,

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If, while thy lips beneath its preſſure glow'd,
And thy tongue flatter'd, thou had'ſt truly lov'd.

The flame which burns upon the virgin cheek,
The riſing ſigh, half utter'd, half ſuppreſt,
To him who fondly loves, will more than ſpeak
What wav'ring thoughts divide th' impaſſion'd breaſt.

Such ſoft confuſion could the Moor diſarm,
And his rough heart, like Deſdemona's move;
But ſoon her eaſy weakneſs broke the charm,
And, ere her life ſhe loſt, ſhe loſt her love.

No—if I hate thee, wherefore ſhould I preſs
A treach'rous contract with Love's favourite ſeal?
And, if I wiſh thy future hours to bleſs,
Ah! why, too ſoon, that anxious care reveal?

A ready conqueſt oft the victor ſcorns,
His laurels fade, whoſe foe, e'er battle, yields;
No ſhouts attend the warrior who returns
To claim the palm of uncontеſted fields.

But baniſh lawleſs wiſhes from thy ſoul,
While yet my hate or love is undeclar'd;
Perhaps, e'er many years in circles roll,
Thou'lt think Eliza but a poor reward.

For oh! my kiſſes ne'er ſhall teem with art,
My faithful boſom forms but one deſign——
To ſtudy well the wife's, the mother's part,
And learn to *keep* thee, e'er I *make* thee *mine*.

EPI-

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EPITAPH ON HOGARTH.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the nobleſt point of art;
Whoſe pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, reader, ſtay;
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away;
For HOGARTH's honour'd duſt lies here!

The ENGLISH JUSTICE.

The Thought taken from Monſieur de la Fontaine.

A Pot-belly'd juſtice, who thought a good feaſt
The beſt thing this world could afford,
Commanded his cook, for that day's repaſt,
A ſturgeon to ſend to his board.

Three parts of the fiſh he diſpatch'd with ſuch ſpeed
That one ſcarcely can credit the tale;
And had not a ſickneſs prevented the deed,
This Jonas had eat up the whale.

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The doctor arrives—and with countenance ſad,
Aſſures him aſſiſtance is vain;
And to tell him the truth, "his complaint was ſo bad,
"He would ne'er eat a ſturgeon again."

"If 'tis ſo, quoth the juſtice, what ſignifies care?
"And now I have only one wiſh:
"That as you're convinc'd I have no time to ſpare,
"You will ſend me the reſt of my fiſh!"

GRACCHUS.

The following Verſes were ſent to Lady B--dg--t L--e, *on her inſiſting upon the Author's writing ſomething to diſcover whether he had any Genius or not.*

SAID *B—dg—t* to *Will*, "I am told you're a poet;
"If 'tis falſe, contradict! if 'tis true, pr'ythee ſhow it!
"For a ſubject take me; call me handſome, divine;
"The matter they'll like, ſhould they not like the line."
"So I would, replied *Will*; but I fear my fair lady,
"That *matter* too oft' has been handled already."

Sept. 5. GRACCHUS.

Occaſioned

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Occaſioned by Mr. Walpole's Impromptu on the Ducheſs of Queenſberry.

WHEN Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
The Strawberry bard inſpir'd,
She, who the World, with Cupid's car
For a whole age has fir'd.

" Gueſs why," ſhe cried, " his praiſe I ſhare
" With Roman and with Greek—
" Such connoiſſeurs admire the rare
" And prize the true antique."

Sandwich, Sept. 23.

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The following Verſes were written upon a young Lady, Miſs F----s, who was dreſſed in the habit of a Judge at a Maſquerade at Southampton, by LORD PALMERSTON.

CUPID JEALOUS.

A Nymph of every charm poſſeſt
To animate the coldeſt breaſt
With love's auſpicious flame,
Of late her mimic art diſplay'd,
And from a lovely, tender maid,
A reverend judge became.

The ſpreading wig, the ſolemn hat,
Where venerable dulneſs ſat,
Deceiv'd our wond'ring eyes;
Her pleaſing ſhape, her eaſy mien,
Her graceful airs no more were ſeen
In that uncouth diſguiſe.

From that ſoft tongue was heard no more
The muſic which it us'd to pour,
The muſic of the mind;
Nor could thoſe eyes their beams diſpenſe,
Which ſhine replete with manly ſenſe,
And female ſoftneſs join'd.

Yet

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Yet ſay, dear girl, what magic art
Tho' thus diſguis'd, from ev'ry heart
A ſecret homage drew?
Why round thee preſs'd the gay, the young,
Forſook the dance, and left the ſong,
Thy reverend form to view?

In vain, though every art was try'd,
In vain alas! you ſtrove to hide
What could not be conceal'd;
Malicious Cupid ſpoil'd the jeſt,
And darting ſwift thro' every breaſt,
The whole deceit reveal'd.

And is it thus, ungrateful maid,
The God in jealous anger ſaid,
My empire you diſown?
And could'ſt thou with love's foes combine,
And bid thoſe eyes no longer ſhine,
Which beſt ſupport his throne?

Then give me back each winning grace,
With which I deck'd that lovely face,
And arm'd each ſparkling eye;
In whoſe bright orbs at my command
The little loves, a num'rous band,
In ſecret ambuſh lie.

My

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My favourite's triumphs to inſure
I gave whate'er might beſt ſecure,
Or moſt extend her ſway;
And can that heart ſo ſoon forget
What gratitude for ſuch a debt
Should prompt thee to repay?

No; let thy gentle boſom prove
Obedient to the voice of love,
And quit this ſtrange diſguiſe:
Nor let the am'rous youths in vain
Lament that thou no more will deign
To bleſs their longing eyes.

The nymph with ſmiles conſenting heard,
And in her own bright form appear'd,
To ſooth the anxious boy:
Grace led her eaſy ſteps along,
And with her came in myſtic throng,
Wit, beauty, love, and joy.

Thus breaking from the vernal clouds,
Where oft his radiant beams he ſhrouds,
The ſun appears more bright,
With freſher crimſon paints the roſe,
And o'er the face of nature throws
A more refulgent light.

Southampton, Oct. 1775.

To

*To Miſs **** ********* of Ipſwich.*

WHY down that neck whoſe veins meand'ring flow
In azure currents through a tract of ſnow,
Hangs that proud urn, whoſe op'ning cells diſcloſe
The raviſh'd fragrance of the Libyan roſe?

Can borrow'd fires ſublime the ſolar ray?
Or chymic ſcents enrich the breeze of May?
Can that ambroſial boſom yield a place
'Midſt native ſweets, to lodge a foreign race?

Is it to ſhow thy breaſt's more balmy pow'r,
And vex the ſhade of ev'ry martyr'd flow'r,
Which, hov'ring o'er thy lips, ecſtatic fair!
Repines to meet with rival incenſe there?

Yet odours mild as theſe, ne'er cloud the brain,
Nor rack its nerves with aromatic pain;
Soft they exhale around, nor ſofter flies,
The harmleſs light'ning of their wearer's eyes.
Oh, were it mine, when paſt this mortal ſtrife,
To bloom again in vegetable life;
Chang'd to a roſe!—perhaps, with warmth oppreſt
I then might languiſh on that angel breaſt.

Then

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Then near thy heart—how near! entranc'd might lie,
Nor dread, in ſight of ſuch a heav'n, to die;
No longer ſtrive my with'ring form to ſave,
But own thy boſom a triumphant grave.

St. Clement's Pariſh, Ipſwich,
Sept. 18. 1773. } D***y D**t.

CHARACTER of the ENGLISH.

A Foreign Count was aſked how he found
The Britiſh nation, while he ſojourn'd there?
In intellect (quoth he) they're ſtrong and ſound;
Intrepid are the men, the women fair.

In ſciences profound; expert in arts;
Devout, till oft with wild enthuſiaſm fir'd;
In no men's boſoms glow humaner hearts,
Or hearts with works of mercy later tir'd.

Their civil wiſdom every realm allows,
Tho' oft obſtructed by rude faction's bawl!
Yet ſtill unanimouſly prompt to rouſe
Their naval thunder, at the monarch's call.

In

In manners. 'mong the votaries of the court,
Italian ſplendor, French politeneſs ſhine;
Yet rude, ferocious, the plebeian ſort:
The bran is very coarſe, the flour is very fine.

COSMOPOLITAN.

The ACTOR'S EPITOME.

HE who would act, muſt think—for thought will find
The art to form the body by the mind.
Weigh for example, theſe few maxims right;
And ſteer your courſe by the befriending light:
On the rais'd neck, oft mov'd, but ever ſtrait,
Turn your unbending head with eaſy ſtate.
Shun rambling looks---fix your attention high;
Pointedly earneſt; meeting eye with eye.
Spread bare your opening breaſt: oft change your face;
Step with a ſlow ſeverity of grace.
Pauſingly warm, ſignificantly riſe;
And affectation's empty ſwell deſpiſe.
Be what you ſeem---each pictur'd paſſion weigh;
Fill firſt your thoughts with all the words you ſay.
Strong, yet diſtinguiſh'd, let expreſſion paint:
Nor ſtraining mad, nor negligently faint.

On

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On riſing ſpirits let your voice take wing:
And nerves, elaſtic, into paſſion ſpring.
Let ev'ry joint keep time; each ſinew bend,
And the ſhot ſoul, in ev'ry ſtart, aſcend.

The following Epilogue was the production of Mr. Garrick's pen many years ago, and was ſpoken by an Actreſs in the character of Queen Elizabeth. It ſeems admirably calculated for the preſent criſis, and eſtabliſhes the Writer's reputation as a Prophet.

IF any here are Britons but in name,
Dead to their country's happineſs and fame,
Let 'em depart this moment---let 'em fly
My awful preſence, and my ſearching eye.
No more your Queen, but upright judge I come,
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;
Try you in ev'ry point, from ſmall to great,
Your wit, laws, faſhions, valour, church and ſtate;
Search you as Britons ne'er were ſearch'd before:
O tremble, for you hear the lion roar!
Since that moſt glorious time that here I reign'd,
An age and half---what have you loſt and gain'd?
Your wit, whate'er your poets ſing or ſwear,
Since Shakeſpeare's time is ſomewhat worſe for wear:

Your

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Your laws are good, your lawyers good of courſe;
The ſtreams are ſurely clear, when clear the ſource:
In greater ſtore theſe bleſſings now are ſent ye;
Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
Faſhions, ye fair, deſerve nor praiſe nor blame,
Unleſs they riſe as foes to ſenſe or ſhame;
Wear ruffs or gauze; but let your ſkill be ſuch,
Rather to ſhew too little than too much.
As for your valour—here my lips I cloſe,
Let thoſe who beſt have prov'd it ſpeak—your foes.
Your morals, church, and ſtate are ſtill behind,
But ſoft, prophetic fury fills my mind,
I ſee thro' time—behold a youthful hand*
Holding the ſcepter of this happy land;
His heart with juſtice, love, and virtue fraught,
Born amongſt Britons, and by *Britons taught*; †
Shall make the barking tongues of faction ceaſe,§
And weave the garland of domeſtick peace;
Long ſhall he reign---no ſtorms to beat his breaſt,
Unruly paſſions that diſturb'd my reſt;
Shall live the bleſſings he beſtows to ſhare,
Reap all my glory, but without my care.

* This, 'tis ſuppos'd, alludes to his preſent Majeſty when Prince of Wales.

† This, 'tis thought, was written, "and *by Scotchmen taught.*"

§ 'Tis greatly hoped by every friend of Old England, that theſe laſt ſix lines will not prove Mr. Garrick a falſe prophet.

The

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The DYING LOVER.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

* * *ZARA*, farewell! beneath
The pond'rous burthen of mortality
My fainting ſpirits ſink---Oh, may'ſt thou prove
Bleſt in a happier choice!---All that I aſk
Is, that my fleeting ſoul may ſtill enjoy
Thy virgin pray'rs (its once ſweet guardians) thro'
Thoſe gloomy caverns it muſt paſs, to reach
Eternal ſhades.---Had fate aſſign'd my ſtay
Till we had together gone, the horrid path
Had then been made delightful!---But I muſt
Depart without thee, turn to impaſſive clay
While life's warm currents bound along thy veins,
And triumph in thy cheek:---I in a damp
Sequeſter'd urn muſt ſhrink, while ſome lov'd youth
Springs to thy nuptial bed; there claſps thee cloſe,
And, panting for exſtatic diſſolution,
Devours thy baſhful charms!——And yet I ſhall
(If fled ſouls know what happens upon earth)
Sigh for thy loſs; and 'midſt the realms of bliſs

Wander

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Wander alone—for this old world ſhall riſe
Refin'd, from flames—time ſhall afford no room
For paſſion's range, ere I again embrace
Society with fleſh, that mould'ring ſubſtance
Which whelm'd in earth, or puff'd by veering winds,
Converts to many a form its varied duſt.—
Farewell! * * *

L.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Roſe,
The beauty of thy leaves diſcloſe!
The winter's paſt, the tempeſts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the ſky;
The lark, ſweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of ſpring:
The ſilver dews, the vernal ſhowers,
Call forth a bloomy waſte of flowers:
The joyous fields, the ſhady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or ſwell with buds;
Then haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!—

BAR-

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BARTON GROVE,

An Invitation to MYRA.

PLEASURE now, in love's alcove,
Sits confeſs'd in Barton Grove;
There the firſt blown violets ſpring;
There the firſt fledg'd linnets ſing;
There and no where elſe are found
Notes of ſuch enchanting ſound;
There and no where elſe we view
Flow'rets of ſo fine a hue:
Come, and while the flowers in bloom
Caſt around a rich perfume,
And the birds on ev'ry ſpray
Sing the birth of genial May,
Come, and while the zephyrs breathe,
Let us ſit yon elm beneath,
Yonder elm, whoſe ruſſet kind
By the woodbines ſweet entwin'd,
Now preſents a welcome ſhade,
Free for every youth and maid,
There unmark'd by watching eye,
There unheard by liſt'ner nigh,
What we do, or what we ſay,
Sacred to the birth of May,

Shall

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Shall for ever be untold,
To the prating young and old.
Nor thoſe joys which reaſon rules,
Make a tale for buſy fools.

Kettering, May 1. DAMON.

Upon a WIDOW's Wooden Tomb-ſtone *in Hertfordſhire.*

GRIEVE not for me, my deareſt dear,
I am not dead, but ſleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in ſhort time you'll come to I.

A Wag going by underwrote,

I am not griev'd, my deareſt life,
Sleep on, I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I muſt go to bed to ſhee.

On the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE.

WHO can the matchleſs Devonſhire ſurvey,
And not entitle her the Queen of Love?
Where grace and beauty join their utmoſt ſway,
Where ſenſe and innocence united move.

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By nature form'd to captivate the heart,
There wanted only to enrich the mind,
Parental care completed this their part,
And fram'd a finiſh'd pattern for mankind.

M. P.

To Mrs. R-------, *at* Bath.

PRecedence, forſooth! by what title or right?
Indeed we all know that your *Dad* is a *Knight*;
We alſo remember--*now be not offended,
On old London-bridge, once old ballads he vended;
What tho' *He* and *Lady* Mamma are abſurd,
And *le-title* each other at every word,
You are nobody here---do or dreſs as you pleaſe,
Nay, in thoſe you are wanting—for freedom and eaſe:
Then prithee have done with your airs and grimaces,
Nor affect from *your rank* to take quality places,
Since you never, *dear widow* (excuſe the expreſſion)
Can figure away as a woman of faſhion.

To the Memory of Miſs DOLLY TWIST.

HERE is an end of love and folly,
Death hath embrac'd the lively Dolly,
And ſhe, with all her lovely charms,
Was folded in his bony arms:

He

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He look'd the ſmiler in the face,
And only took one cold embrace;
Indeed the ſavage never kiſt
The cherry lip of Dolly Twiſt;
And tho' ſhe did eſcape ſo oft
As Columbine below, aloft,
Yet Harlequin, with ſtudied trick,
Could not defend her from Old Nick.
We're told that when ſhe came to Charon,
She put ſo gay, ſo ſmart an air on,
That the old boy became ſo merry,
For nought he let her croſs the ferry;
And *Minos*, known ſo gruff and big,
Pull'd of his large all-judging wig,
And with our Dolly took a jig.
And now upon the banks of Styx,
She plays ten thouſand merry tricks;
She lives and taſtes eternal eaſe,
And dances under golden trees,

N.

Stanzas written under confinement for Debt.

SEE every plague around me twine,
Unfeeling creditors confine,
And tauntingly exult to ſee
Me robb'd of precious liberty.

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Untill that gloomy, luckleſs hour,
I fell beneath oppreſſive pow'r,
My life tho' lowly, ſtill was free,
But now I mourn for liberty.

Hard juſtice now conſigns me o'er
To him who locks his ev'ry door;
Here ev'ry foe may hear, may ſee,
My ſighs, my tears for liberty.

Each hour here ſlowly waſtes away,
For care preys on my mind all day,
To find that few have charity
To ſooth my want of liberty.

In vain I wiſh, in vain I ſigh,
For friends like foes do from me fly,
And will not deign to viſit me,
Now I'm bereft of liberty.

But ſhould I gain at laſt the ſhore,
Toſs'd on misfortune's waves no more:
Then friends and foes would flock to me,
To taſte the ſweets of liberty.

But think, oh, think, the time may come,
When exil'd from the peaceful home,
Immur'd, you may regret with me,
The long loſt ſweets of liberty.

Then

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Then ſcorn with cruel taunts no more
The wretch, the captive, and the poor,
Nor wiſh him chains or poverty.
But health, ſweet peace, and liberty.

Leiceſterſhire. *C—— B——tt——.*

An EPIGRAM,

Written by the Hon. CHARLES TOWNSEND, on LORD PEMBROOKE refitting the back front of his Houſe towards the Thames.

AS long on ſilver Thames I row'd,
Some twenty years or thirty;
Where Pembrooke's Earl his backſide ſhow'd
All yellow, brown, and dirty:
But t'other day, ſurpriz'd, I cried,
(So neat and clean it made is)
It cannot be my Lord's backſide,
It ſurely is my Lady's.

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BON-HILL*.

Written by CAPT. THOMPSON in the year 1769.

IF TASTE would wander from the ſouth,
And build her coſtly temple here:
Spread out the lawn, the viſta plant,
Give teeming nature ſome ſmall cheer,
Help her few wants, with all her ſkill,
Richmond would not excell *Bon-hill*.

She, to the gay is quite unknown,
Unnotic'd like the Highland lad;
Retir'd among her mountains bare,
Half ſtarv'd, neglected, and half clad.
Yet could'ſt thou, TASTE, obſerve her ſtill,
Nature would woo to dreſs *Bon-hill*.

Stonefield † has bankrupted his brains,
To ſpoil ſome acres fairly plac'd;
Had art or genius view'd the ſpot,
Nature had not been thus diſgrac'd.

* Bon-hill is a village beautifully ſituated on the banks of the river 'Leven, which riſes among the iſles and mountains of Lough Lomen—about two miles from the ancient town of Dumbarton. Nature hath laviſhly beſtowed her bleſſings upon this fair ſpot, and what adds to its reputation, the ingenious and facetious *Smollet* was born here.

† A Lord of Seſſion.

'Tis

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'Tis taſte plebeian—fancied ill,
Unworthy genius and *Bon-hill.*

A plain as *Tempe* fair and long,
Beneath tremendous mountains lies;
Where huge *Ben Lomen* ſeems to bear
Upon his ſhoulders clouds and ſkies:
The leſſer mountains own his will,
The ruling *Atlaſs* of *Bon-hill.*

Could ſuch a ſpot by Nature bleſs'd,
Be to the muſes quite unknown?
So like their native Helecon,
With laurels green, and myrtles brown.
No, Phœbus here declar'd his ſkill,
And gave a SMOLLET to *Bon-hill.*

Lough Lomen * and her twenty iſles,
Riſe from a limpid fount, which ſprings
Beneath his foot, and were of old
The ſeats of mighty Thanes and Kings.
Here MARY † once did tears diſtill,
Impriſon'd on thy ſtream, *Bon-hill,*

* An extenſive beautiful lake of twenty-one miles in length, riſing from a variety of ſprings, from the mountains which ſurround it; the principal one is called Ben-Lomen. There are twenty-one iſlands on this lake, whereon the princes of Scotland have had elegant houſes. Some of theſe iſlands are ſaid to float, and to change their ſituations.

† Mary, Queen of Scots, after her defeat by the Preſbyterian army near Dumbuck, was conveyed a priſoner to one of theſe inſular caſtles. But ſhe perſuaded her keeper's ſon, that if he would procure her eſcape ſhe would marry him; the youth accompliſh'd her requeſt, and ſhe fled with him to England, where Elizabeth confined her till her untimely death.

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Thames, court no more with *Chub* and *Dace*;
Here leaping *ſalmon*, *trout*, and *parr*
Allure me from thy ſilver wave,
Superior to thy natives far;
Ye gods, my little pray'r fulfill,
With health and peace beſtow *Bon-hill.*

But ſay, from whence aroſe the name
Of 'Leven * to thy rapid ſtream?
Oh! from th' eleven daughters fair
Of *Lennox*, faireſt in eſteem,
Alas! all drowned in thy rill,
A tale moſt piteous at *Bon-hill.*

Oft on thy banks I've chearful ſtray'd,
And time ſlid ſmoothly as thy ſtream;
Retir'd from ev'ry gnawing care,
Remov'd from ev'ry party theme,
The liquor quaff'd from * *Nairne*'s clean ſtill,
Content with with wiſky, and *Bon-hill,*

Supremely bleſt, I've found that joy,
Which from religious virtue ſprings;
Left pomp, vice, luxury, and care,
To folly, and the pride of kings.
With pleaſure paid the good dame's bill,
And drag'd with ſighs from ſweet *Bon-hill.*

* The river 'Leven took its name from an old traditional ſtory of the Earl of Lennox having eleven fair daughters alternately drowned in it, by attempting to ſave each other when bathing.

† A good induſtrious woman who keeps a hovel by the ſide of the river.

An

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An EPIGRAM,

Written in 1765, by Co: and Co:

YOU ſay the miniſtry are young,——tis truth,
But why ye ſcribblers cavil at their youth?
Bute knows that miniſters have long been things
Who walk in go-carts, and in leading-ſtrings.
But to all wretches of that ſlaviſh ſpirit,
Grant, ye good gods! the cart,—and ſtring they merit.

An INDEPENDANT.

The VAUXHALL NIGHTINGALES.

Auguſt 1765. *Cantare pares.*

WHILE the two nightingales contend in voice,
With both we're charm'd,—but dubious in our choice:
Firſt this, then that, by turns have our aſſent,
*Wright** we would have it—but it will be *Brent**.

** Theſe ladies were married afterwards to Meſſ. Arne and Pinto.

To

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To Miss Wright, *on her playing the Character of Daphne.*

WHEN thy wild notes in warbling riſe or fall,
There, there we feel—dame Nature has done all:
Act then no more, nor in the player's part,
Betray the working of the ſtep-dame art.

G. C.

Mr. Derrick *when he ſucceeded Mr.* Nash, *put on a white Hat; this occaſioned a number of Lampoons; and among the many, the following one.*

NASH had a head, and in that head
Were manners, wit, and ſenſe:
Derrick, he has a head, but ſtill
To theſe makes no pretence,

Nash had a hat, and it was white,
And Derrick hath another:
The only legacy beſtow'd,
The imitative brother.

The

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The difference then, is juſtly this,
Allow'd by great and ſmall:
NASH had ahead within his hat,
DERRICK, hath none at all.

N.

A FLOSCULOUS EPIGRAM,

On the Death of Sweet William, Duke of Cumberland.

THE faireſt flower, which did our gardens grace,
Sweet William's dead, the pride of all his race.
Since which, we find among our ſweeteſt poſies,
Thiſtles are tied in bunches with our roſes,
Courting the ſmell to prick our Engliſh noſes.

N.

On Powell's playing Poſthumus.

WINDS catch the ſound, and on your roſy wings,
Bear the ſweet muſick which our Shakeſpeare ſings,
Bear him again the language that he ſung,
Rais'd by the melody of Powell's tongue.

T.

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*To Mr. Charles Denis * on his Attempt to defend Dr. Johnſon's Edition of Shakeſpeare.*

SWEET imitator of Fontaine,
Melodious *Denis* ceaſe this ſtrain,
Nor praiſe him who revil'd
With impious tongue and hand, the page
Of Shakeſpeare, read in every age,
Great Shakeſpeare, Fancy's child.

Thus, once a wretch was ſo profane,
To fire the high Epheſian Fane
To get immortal praiſe:
O brand him with eternal ſhame,
And may in a more impious flame,
His dictionary blaze.

* Mr. Denis was brother to Sir Peter Denis, a man of great virtue and goodneſs. He wrote many excellent poems, and tranſlated Fontaine with more ſucceſs than any other perſon, many of his pieces appeared in Lloyd's St. James's Magazine.

To

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To Mr. Scot, a Scribler paid by Lord Sandwich, and the reputed Author of a Paper, ſign'd ANTI-SEJANUS.

WHILE *Scot* like a ſtrumpet calls whore firſt aloud,
And ſwaggers in print he will cane us:
Who is there ſo weak, or ſo mean in the croud,
That can't cudgel *Anti-Sejanus*?

DUMBARTON FERRY:

Or, The Laſs without Stocking or Shoe.

I.

ON the banks of the 'Leven, near deep flowing Clyde,
By the rock of Dumbarton, which ſcorns wind and tide.
At the ferry-houſe dwells a ſweet laſs known to few,
A delicate laſs without ſtocking or ſhoe.

II.

Though no pride in her dreſs, ſhe hath grace in her air,
All bare is her boſom, diſhevell'd her hair,
When firſt I beheld her, like Dian ſhe flew,
And a goddeſs ſhe ſeem'd without ſtocking or ſhoe.

When

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III.

When I ſeiz'd her, I argued, my fair, lovely laſs,
While heated and panting, ſhe laid on the graſs:
Why would you avoid me, the race you muſt rue,
Theſe feet muſt be hurt without ſtocking or ſhoe.

IV.

'Tis the dog runs the hair, 'tis the hawk drives the dove,
My purſuit is the paſſion, the impulſe of love:
Shun no more my embraces, no harm will I do;
Theſe limbs I adore, without ſtocking or ſhoe.

V.

She cry'd, pray be quiet, and put out her hand,
You never will wed a poor laſs of this land;
By Cupid, I will, and for ever prove true,
And purchaſe my laſſie both ſtocking and ſhoe.

VI.

You men are ſuch rogues to the girls, I declare,
One cannot believe half you ſay, tho' you ſwear;
But if you're unkind—to all joy then adieu—
Love and peace I prefer, without ſtocking or ſhoe.

VII.

Then yield me thoſe charms, and to morrow I'll prove,
How ſincere is my heart, and how ardent my love:
Then ſtay 'till to-morrow, ſhe ſaid, and ſhe flew,
So I loſt the fair laſs without ſtocking or ſhoe.

E. T.

The

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The SAILOR's SOLILOQUY.

WHO would be toſt like chips about the ſea,
Of ev'ry envious blaſt, the ſport and frown:
Had Fortune feeling, ſhe would pity me,
And in thy meadows, Richmond, lay me down.

The SAILOR's MISTRESS.

Conſign'd to his FRIEND.

TOO ſoon I take my ſad, my long adieu,
And fair Maria fills her ſails to you:

Cetera decunt.

You know my heart, where every feeling's true,
I rob myſelf, to give a friend to you.

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The Character of a Corniſh 'Squire, who was lineally deſcended from Bampfield Carew, the King of the Gypſies. He treated all ſea officers with rudeneſs, and threatened them with the law; but unluckily for him, he made complaint of the Author of the following Stanzas to Admiral Lord Edgecombe, who oppreſſed the officer to oblige the rich 'ſquire. However, the ſea bard made his quarters good, and tho' he was moſt unjuſtly treated, he was moſt ſeverely revenged.

YE gods! how I grieve that old *Hogarth* is dead,
When here's ſuch a piece to portray:
Such a face, ſuch a form, and, ye gods! ſuch a head,
I am ſure never came in his way.

Dear *Churchill* too gone! (and a far greater loſs)
How his ſatire this ſubject would ſuit:
But the theme's left to me, ſo ye muſes be croſs,
And I'll caricatura the brute.

This toad-ſtool, this 'ſquire, this excreſcence of dung,
Whom Ignorance litter'd on earth;
Whom no pencil e'er drew, whom no muſe ever ſung,
A cub never lick'd at its birth.

In

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In mien nor in form half ſo human as ape,
Begot by a beggar in ſpite,
On a gypſy, who ſwore 'twas a Caliban rape,
As ſhe ſnor'd 'neath a hedge in the night.

This raviſher too was a man of eſtate,
But of a peculiar *gout*:
And rather than not be a king and be great,
He govern'd a beggarly crew.

King Bamfield was he, who begot this black prince,
Great heir of his beggarly blood;
And his deeds will the world, and all gypſies convince
He's fill'd with the ſame royal mud.

When this monarch departed, and left him the throne,
So great was his ſpirit and might,
Being afraid of a ghoſt—he could not lie alone,
So he ſlept with his footman at night.

You have ſeen a ſquat ale bottle punchy and blue,
That's like him as low as the knees,
The cork's like his head—where ten ſcrews have paſs'd through,
To give vent to the wind and the lees.

His corpſe don't contain the briſk ſpirit of ale,
If it did, it would burſt like a bomb:
In ſhort, beat him down from the head to the tail,
And he'll ſound like an unbraced drum.

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You may beat him for ever, his hide is as thick
As a carpet, and equally foul;
It would weary two chairmen with each a good ſtick,
To duſt out the filth of his ſoul.

His diſcourſe in a literal ſenſe ſtinks ſo much,
All noſes and ears wiſh him dumb,
'Tis breaking of wind—for I never felt ſuch,
So, I'm ſure, he muſt talk with his bum.

His head is that vacuum ſought by the wiſe,
His face is as vacant as air;
He talks but to ſwear, and to vomit forth lies:
And his wife—O YE GODS! SHE IS FAIR.

N.

Extempore, by J— W— Eſq. on ſeeing Mr. S---w---dge in a Print, habited as a Roman Senator.

ALTHO' the lion's ſkin he wears,
He cannot hide his aſſe's ears.

EPI-

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EPIGRAM,

By CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Capt. Thompſon lived in Kew-lane, where a weeping willow was planted before his houſe. It was a cuſtom with Churchill to walk early, and compoſe verſes. He was then about the 2d book of Gotham, and paſſing the window of Thompſon's houſe, who was ſet reading therein—he thus addreſſed him.

HERE lives an half-pay poet run to ruſt,
And all his willows weeping in the duſt.

The Nineteenth Ode of Anacreon imitated.

EARTH when parch'd and thirſty grown,
Drinks the rain as it comes down:
Trees, and weeds, and flowrets drain
All the juices of the plain:
Neptune when he takes his cup,
Sups at once whole rivers up:
Roſy Phœbus, god of rhymes,
Quaffs of all at different times:

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Silver mantled ſiſter moon,
Sips his radiance night and noon,
If this fair, inconſtant punk,
Nature, earth, ſea, ſun get drunk,
Why ſhould I with wine take pet,
Who have ſuch examples ſet:
Give me wine, punch, rack, October,
'Tis no merit to be ſober.

E. T.

On SHAKESPEARE.

AS when (if truth in ancient ſtory lies)
An earth-born giant brav'd th' embattled ſkies,
The coward gods confed'rate vengeance ſped,
And heap'd whole quarries on his dauntleſs head:
Tho' ſunk he lay, by Ætna's weight oppreſt,
The rocking mountain ſtill his ſtrength confeſs'd;
Nor yet, his force earth's central priſon bars,
But ſtill he hurls defiance to the ſtars:—
Such, Giant Shakeſpeare, is thy hapleſs fate,
By critics tumbled from thy tow'ry height;
By envious dullneſs half thy page o'ergrown,
'Midſt notes entomb'd and chaos not its own:
Yet ſtill each rival feels thy pow'rs divine,
Around thee ſtill the fires of genius ſhine;
And left their warmth in critic aſhes die,
Thy GARRICK ſends it flaming to the ſky. S.

Canſe

Cauſe of the Diverſity of Mankind.

IN ev'ry ſoul, 'tis ſaid, are ſeen the riſe
And ſeeds of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry vice:
The careful man, ſay they, ſurveys his lot,
Dreſſes and cultivates his little ſpot;
Watches each virtuous tendrill as it ſhoots,
Plucks up the hurtful rubbiſh by the roots.
This, quoth the idle one, is ſcarce fair play,
Nature, heav'n's proxy, ought to have her way,
Mark then th' event, one's culture bringeth forth
The vulgar man; t'other's the man of worth.

Tranſlation of a Latin Epigram, on a Greyhound.

BENEATH this tree fleet Smoker's limbs are laid;
How grieves his youthful lord his greyhound dead!
Thro' groves and lawns he chas'd the timid hare,
Rous'd by the ſtarting game and rural war,
But now, diſguſtful! in the earth he lies,
And recent vigor to the tree ſupplies,
Uſeful alive, and uſeful when he dies!

Nov. 18. B. J. S.

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On the New Edition of Shakeſpeare.

A Grape-ſtone ſtifled poor Anacreon's breath,
And one ſour pippin grip'd a world to death:
Curs'd be all vegetables, ſmall and great too,
For Shakeſpeare's choak'd at laſt by a potatoe!

On the Same.

SHAKESPEARE divine! whate'er the magic pow'r
That lurks in roots or fills th' expanded flow'r,
Potatoes, ſpite of all thy critic quotes,
Can prompt no love but that of ſcribbling notes!

T. H.

A trte

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A true TALE; *to be added to Mr.* GAY's *Fables.*

Suppoſed to be written by Dr. PARNELL.

A Mother who vaſt pleaſure finds
In modelling her children's minds;
In midſt of whom with great delight
She paſſes many a winter night;
Mingles in every play, to find
What biaſs nature gave the mind,
Reſolving thence to take her aim
To guide them to the realms of fame,
And wiſely make thoſe realms the way
To regions of eternal day;
Each boiſt'rous paſſion to controul,
And early humanize the ſoul,
In ſimple tales beſide the fire,
The nobleſt notions would inſpire.
Her offspring, conſcious of her care,
Tranſported hung around her chair.
Of ſcripture heroes ſhe would tell,
Whoſe names they'd liſp ere they could ſpell
Then the delighted mother ſmiles,
And ſhews the ſtory on the tiles.

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At other times her themes would be
The ſages of antiquity,
Who left a deathleſs name behind
By being bleſſings to their kind.
Studious to let her children know
The various turns of things below;
How virtue here was oft diſtreſt,
To ſhine more glorious with the bleſt,
Told Tully's and the Gracchi's doom,
The patriots and the pride of Rome,
Then bleſt the Drapier's happier fate,
Who ſav'd, and lives to guard, the ſtate.
Again ſhe takes another ſcope,
And tells of Addiſon and Pope:
Steele's comedies gave great delight,
And entertain'd them many a night.
Congreve could no admittance find,
Forbid as poiſon to the mind:
That author's wit and ſenſe, ſays ſhe,
But heighten'd his impiety.
This happy mother met one day
A book of Fables writ by Gay;
And told her children, here's a treaſure,
A fund of wiſdom and of pleaſure!
Such morals, and ſo finely writ!
Such decency, good ſenſe, and wit!
Well has the poet found the art
To raiſe the mind and mend the heart.

Her

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Her fav'rite ſon the author ſeiz'd,
And as he read ſeem'd highly pleas'd:
Made ſuch reflexions on each page
The mother thought above his age:
Delighted read, but ſcarce was able
To finiſh the concluding Fable.
What ails my child? the mother cries;
Whoſe ſorrows now have fill'd your eyes?
Oh, dear mamma, can he want friends,
Who writes for ſuch exalted ends?
Oh baſe, degenerate human kind!
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should Gay complain? but now, alas!
Thro' what a world am I to paſs!
Where friendſhip is an empty name,
And merit ſcarcely paid in fame.
Reſolv'd to lull his woes to reſt,
She tells him, he ſhould hope the beſt:
This has been yet his caſe, I own,
But now Auguſtus fills the throne.
Content that tender heart of thine,
He'll be the care of Caroline:
Who thus inſtructs the Royal race
Can't fail of ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Mamma, if you were Queen, ſaid he,
And ſuch a book were writ for me,
I find 'tis ſo much to your taſte,
That Gay would keep his coach at leaſt.

My

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My child, what you ſuppoſe is true,
I ſee its excellence in you.
Poets who write to mend the mind,
A Royal recompence ſhould find:
But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
From the beſt privilege of crowns,
The glorious, godlike pow'r to bleſs,
And raiſe up merit in diſtreſs.
But, dear mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen, what you'd beſtow.
What I'd beſtow? ſays ſhe, my dear,
At leaſt a thouſand pounds a year.

An Invocation to the departed ſpirit of the much-lamented and Rev. Mr. W-s.

FROM thy ſacred abodes, O ſweet ſpirit deſcend,
Reviſit once more this dull ſcene;
Return but a moment to bleſs thy fair friend,
Who mourns for the pride of the green.

But if loth to reſign thoſe bright manſions of bliſs,
Which heav'n to thy virtue decrees;
To ſome leſs favour'd youth give thy exquiſite grace,
And teach him the manner to pleaſe.

Upon

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Upon ſeeing Mr. TAYLOR's *Pictures, of Bath, and hearing a Connoiſſeur ſwear that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."*

By Mr. GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely painted for a gentleman!"
Is *Genius*, rareſt gift of heav'n,
To the *hir'd* artiſt only giv'n?
Or, like the Catholic ſalvation,
Pal'd in for any claſs or ſtation?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works, is paid?
Is there no ſkill to build, invent,
Unleſs inſpir'd by five per cent?
And ſhalt thou, *Taylor*, paint in vain,
Unleſs impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wiſe, my friend, and take thy fee,
That *Claud Loraine* may yield to thee.

Verſes from a CROOKED *Gentleman to a* STRAIT *Lady.*

HOGARTH, who copied nature's works,
In all his juſt deſigns,
Has prov'd that ev'ry beauty lurks
In undulating lines.

How

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How ſtrong the charms which artleſs grow,
All nature's products tell:
She bends, irregular, the bough,
And wreathes the twiſted ſhell.

The rib which form'd your ſex divine,
Was warp'd in Adam's ſide;
And in the ſerpent's curling twine,
The tempter's arts were try'd.

When bleſt with crooked ſhapes, ev'n things
Inanimate can warm:
With rapture thus the toper ſings,
The corkſcrew's ſpiral form.

Say, can the maypole tall and ſtrait,
With this be e'er compar'd?
Do equal honours, equal ſtate
Inveſt the taylor's yard?

Is yon ſtrait walk, whoſe formal road
Conducts to formal groves,
Like that which circling round the wood
In various mazes moves?

What ſtronger proof remains to ſhow,
Let Love's bleſt god ſupply;
For he himſelf muſt *bend* his bow
Before his arrows fly.

But if, ſtill blind to graces born
From ſweet confuſion's plan,
Alike you hate the winding horn,
And curvilineal man.

Oh,

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Oh, take me, fair one, to your arms,
And while our joys are heighten'd,
Such miracles attend your charms,
Perhaps I may be *ſtraiten'd.*

C. B.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.
To DULCEBELLA.

I Kept the time with that religious zeal,
As hermits do, who to their croſſes kneel;
Each little noiſe my liſt'ning ears devours,
And ev'ry ſtep I heard—I thought it yours:
When one hour came, I own'd a thouſand fears;
My flutt'ring heart by turns betray'd my ears:
But when the clock the ſecond hour reſounds,
My beating boſom felt a thouſand wounds:
The third hour's ſound my mind could not endure;
I daſh'd myſelf, in rage, upon the floor;
By turns I ſwore, and pray'd; and pray'd, and ſwore;
I call'd you Angel, and I call'd you—more;
I ſought new matter—ſtudy'd to accuſe,
And ſtill ador'd you—while I try'd t'abuſe:
At laſt my rage my patience did ſubdue;
The world I damn'd, and ev'ry thing—*but* YOU.

E. THOMPSON.

The

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The WITHERED ROSE: *The laſt compoſition of the late Mr.* Cunningham, *written by him a few weeks before his death, and intended, as he expreſſed himſelf to a friend to whom he preſented it, as a true image of himſelf, being then in a very poor ſtate of health.*

I.

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiſs,
Come, Roſe, come courted to my bower:
Queen of the banks! the garden's bliſs!
Come and abaſh yon' tawdry flower.

II.

Why call us to revokeleſs doom?
With grief the opening buds reply;
Not ſuffered to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas! before we die!

III.

Man having paſs'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the ſcene muſt cloſe:
And when fate's meſſenger appears,
What is he but a WITHERING ROSE?

Verſes

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Verſes copied from the Window of an obſcure Lodging-Houſe in the neighbourhood of London.

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whoſe reſtleſs mind,
Like me, within theſe walls, is *cribb'd, confin'd,**
Learn how each want that heaves our mutual ſigh,
A woman's ſoft ſolicitudes ſupply!
From her white breaſt retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;
While ſouls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
And paſſions catch from paſſions glorious fire.
What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine;
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No ſilver lamp with ſculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray:
Yet Fanny's charms could time's ſlow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon ſmile:
In her, what kings, what ſaints have wiſh'd, is giv'n;
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven!

* Macbeth.

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To the Rev. Mr. B. on his late marriage with Miſs J. P.

MY Puritan jolly,
How could you leave Dolly?
Sure, ſure you were under a croſs ſpell,
To be thus trepann'd,
To cultivate land
More tough and more hard than the goſpel?

Curioſity eas'd,
Old Jenny is pleas'd,
And heartily glad that ſhe hath you;
But you cannot deny
That you found her as dry
As chapter the firſt of St. Matthew,

And yet though you laugh,
And think yourſelf ſafe,
That you have not a girl of fifteen;
You'll find to your coſt
That the wager was loſt—
Old faggots burn fiercer than green.

Yet, laughing apart,
I wiſh from my heart

Your

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Your wife may be all you deſire;
And that ev'ry delight,
In the day and the night,
May ſtir the remains of her fire.

Wincheſter, Nov. 9.

The following Extempore was written on the death of Mr. Edward Purdon, formerly of Trinity-college, Dublin, by Dr. Goldſmith.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from miſery freed,
Who long was a bookſeller's hack;
He led ſuch a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll ever come back,

Verſes ſent to a young Lady, with the new Edition of Shakeſpeare.

By the Right Hon. the EARL of CARLISLE.

POET of nature, thou whoſe boundleſs art
Deſcrib'd each power that rules the throbbing heart,

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Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inſpir'd,
That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd,
In love's ſweet cauſe be now thy magic try'd,
And charm with future ſcenes my deſtin'd bride!

Lo! at thy call, fiends croſs the blaſted heath,
And riſing ſpectres daunt the pale Macbeth,
Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eyes to caſt
O'er dim futurity's unravell'd waſte,
On alien brows beheld his wreſted crown,
Deplor'd the paſt, and ſaw the future frown!
Oh, once again theſe wond'rous ſpells prepare,
With milder viſions paint th' embodied air!
No more, in caves let fires infernal glow,
Nor call thy phantoms from the world below.
In Laura's ſight let Hymen's altar blaze,
Let Cupid's torch diffuſe its brighteſt rays,
Let ſmiling hours in feſtive circles dance,
And white-rob'd prieſts to meet our ſteps advance;
In diſtant view be love's dear pledges ſhown,
And all the long ſucceſſion live our own!

So, round thy favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
May ev'ry muſe her veſtal incenſe burn!
Still may thoſe laureat brows their honours wear
Secure from critics, envy, and Voltaire!
Still on the ſtage thou reard'ſt may Garrick ſtand,
For Shakeſpeare's lyre obeys no other hand!
Still ſleep thy page near Laura's pillow plac'd,
And future comments grace thee like the laſt!

Verſes

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Verſes to CELIA.

WHEN youth, my Celia's in the prime,
With rapture ſeize the joyous time,
'Tis nature dictates ſport and play,
For youth is nature's holiday.
How ſweet to feel love's ſoft alarms,
When warm in blood and full of charms!

Dull winter comes with dreary froſt;
Creation droops, her beauty's loſt;
But ſpring renews the jocund ſcene,
And wakes to life the new-born green,
When man's gay ſummer once is o'er,
The genial ſpring returns no more;
All then is void of ſweet delight,
One gloomy taſteleſs winter's night.
How ſweet to feel love's ſoft alarms,
When warm in blood, and full of charms!

The ſun declines, and yields to night,
But ſhines next morn with orient light;
Well pleas'd to run his golden race,
He traverſes th' immenſe of ſpace,
Not ſo with man, when once he dies,
His ſun is ſet no more to riſe:

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Dull pris'ner of eternal night,
No more he ſees the chearful light.
How ſweet to feel love's ſoft alarms,
When warm in blood, and full of charms!

Then take the boon kind heav'n beſtows,
In bloom of youth, when beauty glows;
Be bleſs'd to-day, perhaps to-morrow
May clouded riſe, and teem with ſorrow;
Life's morning paſt, ſucceeding noon
Precipitates the night too ſoon,
How ſweet to feel love's ſoft alarms,
When warm in blood, and full of charms!

On the proſpect of Arts and Sciences in America.

Written near fifty years ago by the celebrated Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, while he was in America.

THE muſe, diſguſted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In diſtant lands now waits a better time,
Producing ſubjects worthy fame.

In

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In happy climes, where from the genial ſun
And virgin earth ſuch ſcenes enſue,
The force of art by nature ſeems out-done,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the ſeat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules:
Where men ſhall not impoſe, for truth and ſenſe,
The pedantry of courts and ſchools:

There ſhall be ſeen another golden age,
The riſe of empire and of arts,
The good and great inſpiring epick rage,
The wiſeſt heads and nobleſt hearts:

Not ſuch as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as ſhe bred when freſh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future ages ſhall be ſung.

Weſtward the courſe of empire take its way:
The four firſt acts already paſt,
A fifth ſhall cloſe the drama with the day;
Time's nobleſt offspring is the laſt.

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The DESERTED TOWN.

By the Author of the TEARS of GENIUS.

LONDON, farewell, thy duſky domes I fly,
To fix my cot beneath a clearer ſky;
A ſtill, ſmall manſion, where embower'd in trees,
Silent I court the genius of the breeze.
There, in my green retreat, where ſmiling round
Summer's ſweet children paint the varied ground,
Where ſpringing foreſts thicken on my eye,
And the loquatious rill goes bubbling by;
While at my foot the breathing violets blow,
And many a perfum'd primroſe peeps below,
Compos'd I ſit—the monarch of my ſhade,
And ſhare the health that glows in ev'ry glade;
Drink the pure gale, as freſh from heav'n it flies,
Reſt with the linnet, with the lark ariſe,
Paſs my calm day in ſolitude and ſong,
And pity all that buſtle in the throng.

Then farewell, London! queen ſupreme of trade!
Awhile I quit thee, for the ſacred ſhade!
Behold how faſt thy truant children run,
To taſte the ſpirit of a cloudleſs ſun;

Where,

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Where, unobſcur'd by ſmoak, his beams can play
And bleſs them with the ſight of long loſt day.
The ſons of pleaſure, and the ſons of care
Alike deſire the aids of rural air;
The beau turns ſwain, a ſhepherdeſs the maid,
And each town belle's a Phillis in the ſhade.
All fly from London—ſave an anxious train,
That tug intenſely at the oar of gain.

They, drudging mortals, heat and duſt defy,
And all the terrors of a London ſky;
Full in the glare of day, they fiercely toil,
Eternal digging—in a golden ſoil.
With theſe remain a tribe, unus'd to air,
Whom poverty hath chain'd to conſtant care:
In garrets high, or cellars deep, they dwell,
And learn a labour which no tongue can tell:
The ſickly art embrown'd in gloom eſſay,
Loſt to the light of life, and ſmiles of day;
Thro' the long year, their daily taſk they ply,
While pale conſumption ſtares in every eye,
Or blaſted dropſy drowns what nature gave,
And ſweeps the man of labour to the grave.

From woes like theſe, to life's calm vale I ſteal,
To ſee how light the ploughman's labours feel;
Bred to the field, no woes like theſe, he knows—
He ſweats—he toils—and carols as he goes.

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Eaſy and ſweet behold the ſturdy ſwain
Till the rich earth, and dreſs the generous plain;
Work till the ſun's bright beams in gold deſcend,
Then his ſlow foot-ſteps to his cottage bend:
His cottage teems with many an infant dear,
His wife—his bed—and all his hopes are there.
With theſe he ſits a glad and welcome gueſt,
'Till lingering twilight points the hour of reſt,
The ruddy family its call obey,
And riſe, all raptures, with the riſing day.
Then farewell, London—here I will remain,
'Till winter drives me to thy arms again.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

A Ballad.

FAIR Venus, the goddeſs of beauty and love,
Aroſe from the froth that ſwam on the ſea:
Minerva crept out of the cranium of Jove,
A coy, ſullen ſlut, all authors agree.
Brave Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fellows!
Was his natural ſon:—But attend to my tale,
For thoſe that thus chatter, miſtake quite the matter,
He ſprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

And

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And when he had emptied the caſk whence he ſprung,
For want of more liquor, diſconſolate grew,
He mounted aſtride, ſet his arſe on the bung,
And away to the gods and the goddeſſes flew:
But when he look'd down, and ſaw the fair town,
To pay it due due honour not likely to fail,
He ſwore, on all earth, that the place of his birth,
Was the beſt, for no liquor's like Nottingham ale.

Ye biſhops, and deacons, prieſts, curates, and vicars,
When once you have taſted, you'll own it is true,
That Nottingham ale is the beſt of all liquors,
And who underſtands the good creature like you?
It expells every vapour, ſaves pen, ink, and paper,
And when you're diſpos'd in your pulpits to rail,
It will open your throats, you may preach without notes,
When inſpir'd by a bumper of Nottingham Ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done,
With bolus, and potion, and powder, and pill,
Than hangman with halter, than ſoldier with gun,
Than miſer with famine, or lawyer with quill:
To diſpatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,
'Till our bodies conſume, and our faces look pale;
But mind them who pleaſes, what cures all diſeaſes,
Is a comforting doſe of Nottingham ale.

Ye

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Ye poets who talk of your Helicon brook,
Fam'd nectar of gods, and the juice of the vine,
Who think none can write, but thoſe who invoke
The friendly aſſiſtance of one of the Nine;
Here liquor ſurpaſſes the ſtreams of Parnaſſus,
Wine, nectar, and muſes, on which gods regale;
Experience will ſhow it, nought lightens a poet,
Like a quantum ſufficit of Nottingham ale.

Ye lovers, who talk of fire, flame, darts, and daggers,
With Nottingham ale, ply your miſtreſſes hard,
The laſs that once taſtes it, will drink till ſhe ſtaggers,
And all your paſt ſorrows and ſufferings reward;
You may turn her, and twiſt her, and do as you liſt, Sir,
Engage her but briſkly, you're ſure to prevail;
Fill the glaſs often, there's nothing can ſoften
The heart of a woman, like Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

SHAKESPEARE's BEDSIDE. *A new Ballad.*

OLD Shakeſpeare was ſick—for a doctor he ſent—
But 'twas long before any one came;
Yet, at length, his aſſiſtance, Nic Row did preſent,
Sure all men have heard of his name.

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As he found that the poet had tumbled his bed,
He ſmooth'd it as well as he could;
He gave him an anodyne, comb'd out his head,
But did his complaint little good.

Doctor Pope to inciſion at once did proceed,
And the bard for the ſimples he cut;
For his regular practice was always to bleed,
Ere the fees in his pocket he put.

Next Tibbald advanc'd, who at beſt was a quack,
And dealt but in old women's ſtuff,
Yet he caus'd the phyſician of Twick'nam to pack,
And the patient grew chearful enough.

Next Hanmer, who fees ne'er deſcended to crave,
In gloves lily-white did advance;
To the poet the gentleſt of purges he gave,
And, for exerciſe, taught him to dance.

One Warburton then, tho' allied to the church,
Produc'd his alterative ſtores;
But his med'cines the caſe ſo oft left in the lurch,
That Edwards * kick'd him out of doors.

Next Johnſon arriv'd to the patient's relief,
And ten years he had him in hand;
But tir'd of his taſk, 'tis the gen'ral belief
He left him before he could ſtand.

* One Edwards, an apothecary, who appears to have known more of the poet's caſe than ſome of the regular phyſicians who undertook to cure him.

Now

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Now Capel drew near, not a quaker more prim,
And number'd each hair in his pate;
By ſtyptics, call'd ſtops, he contracted each limb,
And crippled for ever his gait.

From Gopſal then ſtrutted a formal old gooſe,
And he'd cure him by inches, he ſwore;
But when the poor poet had taken one doſe,
He vow'd he would ſwallow no more.

But Johnſon, determin'd to ſave him or kill,
A ſecond preſcription diſplayed;
And that none might find fault with his drop or his pill,
Freſh doctors he call'd to his aid:

Firſt, Stevens came loaded with black-letter books,
Of fame more deſirous than pelf;
Such reading, obſervers might read in his looks,
As no one e'er read but himſelf.

Then Warner, by Plautus and Gloſſary known,
And Hawkins, hiſtorian of ſound *;
Then Warton and Collins together came on,
For Greek, and potatoes renown'd.

With ſongs on his pontificalibus pinn'd,
Next, Percy the great did appear;
And Farmer, who twice in a pamphlet had ſinn'd,
Brought up the empirical rear.

* From the abilities and application of Sir J. Hawkins, the public is now furniſhed with a complete Hiſtory of the Science of Muſic.

" The

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" The cooks the more num'rous, the worſe is the broth,"
Says a proverb I well can believe;
And yet, to condemn them untry'd, I am loth,
So at preſent ſhall laugh in my ſleeve.

RIGDUMFUNNIDOS.

Ad filium meum.

LET others, not thyſelf proclaim
Thy deeds of well-deſerved fame;
Sow thou, my ſon, the ſeeds of glory,
And ſeek renown from future ſtory;
Beneficent and worthy deeds
Of glory are moſt fruitful ſeeds;
Tho' long they buried lie, unknown,
Tho' ſlow their growth, perceiv'd by none,
Yet ſtrong and flouriſhing they riſe,
Thy fame exalting to the ſkies.
Thus oaks continually, tho' ſlow,
From ſmall neglected acorns grow,
Firm rooted on ſome clift they ſtand,
Conſpicuous beacons through the land;
Vigorous for ages they defy
Th' impetuous ragings of the ſky.

Ye

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Ye whom the whiftling of a name,
Or fickle breath of popular fame,
Delights, if e'er ye wiſh to be
Famous to late poſterity,
The heights of glory ye muſt climb,
There ſtand the ſtormy teſt of time;
Reſt not with narrow views content,
But boldly ſcale the deep aſcent
That leads to honour's temple, there
The proſpect is all wide and fair;
Around a ſubject world is ſpread,
A world which looks with reverent dread,
Temper'd by grateful love, on you,
Mankind's beſt friends, the bleſſed few,
To whom that ſacred fane is given,
Sublimeſt recompenſe of heaven.
O! how delightful to review
A life in virtuous deeds well-ſpent!
The pleaſure how ſincere and true,
When conſcience, in herſelf content,
Calmly repoſing in the ſhade,
For heav'nly contemplation made,
Sees a long train of years ſtrong mark'd
By deeds of public worth!——

Deſunt cætera.

To

To Cælia, upon hearing her wiſh for a Genius for POETRY.

Said to be written by the Rev. Mr. C.

CŒLIA to Phœbus thus addreſt
The ſecret wiſhes of her breaſt:
" Oh would'ſt thou graciouſly diſpenſe
To me poetick influence,
In elegiac verſe to ſhow
The lover's joy, the lover's woe;
Or with keen ſatire's edge t' entice
From the ſmooth path of tempting vice;
Or borne aloft on epick wing,
Heroick deeds like Homer ſing;
Happy would then thy votary be,
And tune her ſounding lyre to thee."
Apollo heard the offer'd pray'r,
And thus addreſs'd the ſuppliant fair:
" When the great parent Jove deſign'd
To form and faſhion womankind,
Two veſſels by his ſide were ſet,
This white as ſnow, that black as jet;
This every female worth contain'd,
That ev'ry vice and frailty ſtain'd:
Now this, now that, he ſometimes us'd,
For ev'ry female he produc'd;

Hence

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Hence in their ſtructure 'tis we ſee
The glaring contrariety.
Now Chloe's ſmile enſlaves the heart,
Now frowardneſs repels the dart;
Now Phyllis yields to pity's force,
Now avarice obſtructs its courſe.
But when intent on forming you,
From the white urn alone he drew;
Each God his darling virtue laid,
For Jove to form th' accompliſh'd maid;
Beauty and wiſdom to enſlave,
That Venus; this, Minerva gave;
Juno her grace without her ire,
And I breath'd in poetick fire;
But when Jove ſaw the work complete,
And every grace united meet;
Leſt mortals think us partial grown
By centering excellence in one,
(As of her ſiſter we've been told,
For forming her of pureſt mould,*
And as that charge we can't deny)
Ye bright frequenters of the ſky,
I do decree, the godhead ſaid,
Tho' I'll not mar the work I've made,
Such diffidence I'll make her feel,
As ſhall in part her worth conceal;
And tho' I grant ſhe's born a poet,
I do declare—ſhe ſhall not know it."

* The Authoreſs of the Exemplary Mother---School for Wives, &c.

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On VOLTAIRE.*

YOU aſk why Frenchmen are inclin'd
To damn poor Shakeſpeare whole;—
It is, that none who read may find
How much Voltaire has ſtole.

His Oroſmane would not have learn'd
O'er Zayre dead to bellow,
If Shakeſpeare's ſcenes he ne'er had turn'd,
And filch'd from black Othello.

With Seide's guilty fears, the ſtage
Had never been delighted,
Unleſs Macbeth's immortal page
Had taught him to be frighted.

For ſhame, ſweet bard of Ferney's woods,
Reſtrain this graceleſs ire;
Nor ſtrive, when thou haſt ſtol'n the goods,
To ſet the houſe on fire!

* Mr. S. one of the late editors of Shakeſpeare, has expoſed ſome of the falſehoods of Voltaire; and I doubt not but that every reader will join with me in the wiſh, that the ſame commentator had followed him through the whole courſe of his childiſh and malignant criticiſms.

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ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

O Thou, the choiceſt boon of heav'n!
To cheer life's painful tumults giv'n,
And blunt the ſting of woe!
When ſilent grief, or wild deſpair,
Or pining want, the boſom ſhare,
Its keen and with'ring foe.

By * Latium's tender-fated pair,
Whoſe laurel'd virtues flouriſh fair,
Twin'd with the Mantuan bays;
By them, bright goddeſs! I implore
The milder influence of thy pow'r,
To aid my votive lays!

Let youth with fickle fondneſs rove
Thro' all the looſe delights of love,
With reſtleſs wild deſire;
Tho' beauty ſmile with ſoften'd brow,
And ev'ry melting charm beſtow,
And all her joys inſpire,

* Niſus & Euryalus.—Vide Virg. Æn. Lib. 9.

Yet

Yet ſoon the rapt'rous reign is o'er,
Her ardent pleaſures charm no more,
The airy phantom flies!
While ſtupid ſloth or pining care,
Pale rage, or ever-wild deſpair,
Her abſent bliſs ſupplies!

O, blind to all that ſooths the heart!
Who prize the purchas'd ſmiles of art,
By fancied joys beguil'd!
The love that waſting grief diſarms,
Beams from the virgin's modeſt charms,
In melting radiance mild!

While life's vain joys my breaſt allure,
On thee my hopes recline ſecure,
My artleſs ſteps to guide;
Thy wiſdom points with guardian care,
The latent rock, the fatal ſnare,
In fortune's flatt'ring tide.

O, balm of youth! O, light of age!
Long may thy pow'r my mind engage,
And tune my faithful ſong!
Long friendſhip let my boſom prove,
The kindred warmth of ſocial love,
And life's beſt joys prolong!

Portſmouth. ALEXIS.

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SONNET.

To a Lady who carried off two Volumes of the Author's Poems, Dec. 1773.

THIEF of my rhymes! O more unpitying thief
Than ever plunder'd from the poor man's ſtore,
Robb'd the pale widow in the hour of grief,
Or from its hand the orphan's pittance tore!
O theft of deeper dye than that of yore,
When Phœbus, by the charm of beauty led,
Like ſome poor ſwain, Admetus' cattle fed,
And he, the god of many miſchiefs, bore
His ſongs, his flocks, his flute, from fair Theſſalia's ſhore.

Yet, hadſt thou, all rapacious as thou art,
Known the long travel that thy bard ſuſtain'd,
To bear theſe ſimple children of his heart;
How oft from youthful paſtime he refrain'd,
Some thought of pity had, perchance, remain'd,
And left them in theſe lonely ſhades, to chear
His penſive moments, when December drear,
The thief of nature, all her aſpect ſtain'd
With one unvary'd gloom, and one dull horror reign'd.

Thief

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Thief of my rhymes! O worſe than other thieves!
They take the paltry goods that fortune brought,
But this the ſoul a rifled pilgrim leaves,
And robs her of her little hoard of thought.
Sore is my wrath, ſore vengeance have I ſought.
Tremble, ye miſcreants, that in after times
Shall rob an angry poet of his rhymes,
Which he with toil of five long years hath bought.
Or from their dim cell draw the cobwebs he hath wrought.

Of that ſweet ſtream whoſe witching draught inſpires
Illuſive dreams the woes of life to hide,
That, lull'd a while by more than mortal lyres,
Repoſe— but ſoon, on Fancy's ebbing tide,
Emerge enormous, and more dreadful ride.
That ſtream, divinely dangerous, may'ſt thou more
And deeper drink than any bard before;
And the long gloom of dark December 'bide
In B——'s leafleſs ſhades to hear a poet chide.

CHIRON.

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The TOWER and the IVY, a TALE.

Addreſſed to the Admirers of SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST a dreary Britiſh plain,
Where ſilence ſtretch'd its languid reign;
Where many a ſtructure, once renown'd,
In length of ruin preſs'd the ground,
And few diſturb'd their long repoſe,—
A venerable Tow'r aroſe.
Againſt its ſhatter'd ſides had beat
The winter's hail and ſummer's heat,
The marks of envious years it bore,
And deep its walls were channel'd o'er:
Its cornice, hewn from faithleſs ſtone,
With half its ſhapes groteſque, was gone:
Its mould'ring pinnacles declin'd,
Expos'd to every change of wind:
Yet, ſpite of light'ning, ſtorm, or flood,
Its adamantine center ſtood;

* This tale, or fable, (call it what you pleaſe) was written before the appearance of the new edition of Shakeſpeare, from which the author has received both inſtruction and entertainment, nor would juſtice to the editors have permitted him to publiſh a poetical ſketch of ſuch a tendency, but that he can avail himſelf at the ſame time of an opportunity to exempt them from the general cenſure.

Erect

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Erect it ſtood, in ſcorn of fate,
And frown'd, irregularly great.
Beneath its baſe, by weeds o'erſpread,
The ſervile Ivy rear'd its head:
But ſtill, by rev'rend awe reſtrain'd,
In low obſcurity remain'd.
The Tow'r beheld its cringing twine,
Nor gueſs'd the reptile's vain deſign;
But, come, thou modeſt plant, it ſaid,
Thy verdure ſoon may quit the ſhade,
And ſhield each ſpace my rifts between,
With pale diverſities of green:
While thou, protected from the blaſt,
Which oft amidſt thy leaves has paſs'd,
May'ſt find thy weakneſs well ſupply'd,
And cling around me like a bride,
At once my joy and ſafety prove,
And ſtill return me love for love.
The treach'rous ivy heard its call,
And ſoon approach'd the naked wall;
Firſt, round the portal's arch it ſtray'd,
And fill'd the chinks which time had made;
Next, o'er the pillar'd windows roll'd,
It curl'd its undulating fold:
Then, as encreaſing ſtrength it found,
Its mantling arms the pile ſurround:
At laſt, with cluſt'ring foliage ſpread,
Above the top it rears its head,

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There ſoon diſplays its hoſtile bloom,
And nods like ſome fantaſtic plume.
Now, loſt is all that ſolemn air
Which ancient fabrics joy to wear;
No more it yields a tranquil ſhade
To Meditation, penſive maid,
Or hears the poet's moral ſigh,
While echoes to his ſtrains reply;
Or, pleas'd from early morn till night,
Attracts the antiquarian's ſight;
But clam'rous pies and bats obſcene
The ſilence break, that rul'd within:
Its ſimple grace no more commands
A formal arbour now it ſtands
Involv'd in ſlutt'ring leaves and ſhow;
'Twas once a Druid, now a Beau.
Such, Shakeſpeare, ſuch thy fate has been,
Thus uſeleſs learning clouds thy ſcene!
Of trivial, careleſs ſlips afraid,
Thou call'dſt the critics to thy aid,
To clear the line where error crept,
And wake the jeſt that long had ſlept,
Explain the dark alluſion's force,
Or trace the fable to its ſource;
But, damp'd is now thy nobler rage
While ſnarling elves uſurp thy page,
Their troops to mimic combats draw,
And run to break a lance of ſtraw;

In

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In pedant rags, from curious eyes,
Thy plain magnificence diſguiſe,
On ev'ry ſide thy ſenſe encloſe,
And hide the Tow'r by which they roſe!

The LOST SHEPHERDESS.

To H. M. *on her appearing in the character of a Shepherdeſs of the Alps, at a late Maſquerade.*

I.

A Tender tale, O Hannah, wilt thou hear,
That makes thine aged ſhepherd's heart full gay?
Tho' length of days untuned hath his ear,
And ſtole his eaſy melody away;
Yet ſhalt thou once indulge what once was dear,
And ſigh to think how many a ſweeter lay
The harpy hands of time and death have ſnatch'd away!

II.

O Hannah, late o'er this ſequeſter'd wild
Sought my ſad ſteps for ev'ry mournful ſhade,
All wrapt in ſorrow for a long-lov'd child
That, hapleſs, from her father's fields had ſtray'd.
And, oh! ſaid I, what caitiff has beguil'd.
With wizard arts, my unſuſpecting maid?
And to the baneful lures of courtly haunts betray'd.

Long

III.

Long grieved my heart, and cauſe had I to grieve
For her, the pride of theſe diſtinguiſh'd plains;
For her would oft Sabrina deign to leave
Her purple waves, and liſten to her ſtrains;
For her would oft the hoary Avon weave
Fair flowers, collected with ingenious pains,
From banks where Shakeſpeare dream'd in ſlumber's fairy chains.

IV.

With happineſs her tuneful lay began,
With early virtue, and with moral care;
And well could ſhe each female folly ſcan,
And teach the thoughtleſs elfin to beware.
Ah, me! ſaid I, that e'er ſo fair a plan
Like fancy's fabrics ſhould diſſolve in air!
Where now her peaceful ſhades, her ſolitudes, ah! where?

V.

Oft has ſhe ſung, that in the humble ſhed,
Far from the ſpecious walks of ſplendid care,
Fair peace reſides, from courts and cities fled,
And cheriſhes the ſilent virtues there:
And ſtill with theſe her gentle life ſhe led—
Then, woe the thought! that ever life ſo fair,
Should to the baneful lures of courtly haunts repair!

Thus

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VI.

Thus in the ſhade of Mendif's mountain's wild,
I wak'd the lyre, and fondly fed my woe;
And oft the muſe that wayward woe beguil'd,
And lent me ſoothing ſtrains, and accents flow;
When late a lovely form, advancing, ſmil'd,
And "Swain," ſhe cry'd, "thy tender grief forego,
"Nor for thy Laura loſt, let fancy'd ſorrows flow.

VII.

"She is not loſt—ſhepherd, ſhe treads the plain,
"She winds the hills, and wakes the vocal glade;
"Yet not where Avon murmurs to the main,
"Nor on Sabrina's margin hath ſhe ſtray'd,
"In other fields ſhe joins the choral train,
"Where Rhœtian hills the neighb'ring ſkies invade,
"And Alpine fairies dance along the ſtar-light ſhade.

VIII.

"O, wilds of Rhœtia! with her preſence bleſs'd,
"Your mountains melt their everlaſting ſnow,
"Bare their green boſoms for ſo great a gueſt,
"And Atheſis eſſays a ſofter flow.
"At her ſoft lay, your ruder voice ſhall reſt,
"Ye ſtorms that o'er Tellina's valley blow,
"And Adda's angry waves roll indolently ſlow."

She

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IX.

She ſaid, and o'er my languid temples threw
A wreath of flow'rs my Laura's hand had twin'd;
Right well the fancy of that wreath I knew,
And with ſweet hope allay'd my anxious mind;
Happy my lovely ſhepherdeſs to view
In foreign ſcenes, for nobler fame deſign'd,
Than dies in Mendip's ſhades, dies on the murm'ring wind.

CHIRON.

A CHARACTER.

Addreſſed to Miſs ------ of H--ps---d.

WHILE prieſtly malice haunts thy fated name,
And taints each relique of thy mangled fame,
Invented falſhoods eager to diſperſe
By hints imperfect, and unmeaſur'd verſe;
Say, ſhall ſome friendly hand its aid beſtow,
And rend the veil that hides the treach'rous foe,
While each bright form in H—g—e's airy groves
Invites to drag him from the gloom he loves?
If lib'ral art can native ſenſe refine,
Majeſtic Clara, ſure that palm is thine!
Some idler muſe might faded incenſe breathe,
Or load thy graces with an aukward wreathe;

Adown

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Adown thy neck the wand'ring ſapphires ſpread,
Or dip thy bluſhes in the morning's red;
For ears unletter'd, empty ſounds may lull,
Of meaning guiltleſs, and politely dull;
While ſcorn'd by thee, rolls on the hackney'd ſtrain—
Where ſcales are uſed, light money ſhines in vain,
But low'ring Strato cries—Hold! falſhood, hold!
Strato, whoſe rhimes their ſtill-born tale h ave told.
Strato, whoſe pride unfix'd by ſerious matter,
From ambling ſermons, drops to limping ſatire:
Strato, content by cringing tricks to thrive,
Who earns three meals a-year from flatter'd Cl—e:
Strato, whoſe viſage wears a joyleſs ſneer:
A ſickly compound, pale with ſpleen and fear,
For Strato doats on little ſelf alone,
And dreads all talents greater than his own:
Strato, whoſe ears each goſſips news attend:
(Hence Parſon Tattle is his choſen friend)
Strato, whoſe muſe can leave her ſpurious weight,
Her bundlet rickets, at a neighbour's gate:
Strato, whoſe humours various as the wind,
No object faſtens, and no favours bind:
Strato, who wrongs the gen'rous hand that led
A kindred beauty to his nuptial bed;
But his fell hate, o'erpow'rs each grateful tie,
As noxious damps bid guiding tapers die:
His picture laſt ſhall this ſtrong trait receive,
Oblige but Strato, and he'll ne'er forgive.

Clara,

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Clara, farewell!—and if ſome likeneſs ſhines
Through the rough medium of theſe haſty lines,
Exclaim like Zanga, o'er thy proſtrate foe,
" Why this is well, why this is blow for blow!"*

Oxford, July 28.

Verſes in the Pump-room at Bath. Said to be written by a Gentleman at Oxford.

I.

ALWHYLE ye drynke, 'midſt age and ache ybent,
Ah creep not comfortleſſe beſyde our ſtream;
(Sweete nurſe of hope) affliction's downwarde ſente,
Wythe ſtyll ſmalle voyce, to rouſe from thryftleſſe dreame,
Each wyng to prune, that ſhyfty the everie ſpraie
In wytleſſe flyghte, and chyrpy the lyfe awaie.

II.

Alwhyle ye lave—ſuch ſolace may be founde,
" When kynde the hande, why 'neath its healynge faynte?
" Payne ſhall recure the heartes corrupted wounde,
" Farre gone is that whych feelethe not its playnte.
" By kyndrede angel ſmote, Betheſda gave
" Newe vyrtues forthe, and felte her troublede wave."

* Young's tragedy of the Revenge.

Thus

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III.

Thus drynke, thus lave—nor evermore lamente;
Oure ſprynges but flowe pale anguiſh to befriende;
How fayre the meede that followethe contente!
How bleſte to live, and fynde ſuche anguiſh mende!
How bleſte to dye when ſufferynge faithe makes ſure,
At lyfe's high founte, an everlaſtynge cure!

EDGAR.

THE LAWYERS.

To the Tune of the GEORGIANS.

OF all profeſſions on the globe
The coifed gown and ſcarlet robe
Moſt mis'ry do create;
Inſtead of ſoothing down your cares,
They ſerve but to perplex affairs,
And bring them to debate.

Whether your cauſe be good or bad,
Whilſt there is money to be had,
They'll ſtill your ſuit maintain:
It is the bus'neſs of their life
'Twixt greateſt friends to ſtir up ſtrife,
Whoſe quarrels are their gain.

There

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There are ſuch quibbles and ſuch quirks
Between attorneys and their clerks,
Their clients to confound;
That all they ſtudy, day and night,
Is to make wrong appear like right,
And ring the changes round.

Since lawyers are ſuch common peſts,
Avoid them as you would the neſts
Of hornets newly flown;
And whilſt you live, beware of law,
It is the hungry lion's paw,
That tears the fleſh from bone.

But hold, my muſe, let's not run on
As if we never would have done,
But ſeek what to defend:
O yes! (in juſtice be it ſaid)
They will (when all their fees are paid)
A ref'rence recommend.

EXPERTUS.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Great Perſonage before the Tragedy of Cato, in the year 1749, when he performed the part of Portius.*

TO ſpeak with freedom, dignity and eaſe,
To learn thoſe arts which may hereafter pleaſe,
Wiſe authors ſay—let youth, in earlieſt age,
Rehearſe the poet's labours on the ſtage.
Nay more—a nobler end is ſtill behind,—
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts with generous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous ſentiments we learn:
T'attain theſe glorious ends, what play ſo fit
As that where all the powers of human wit
Combine, to dignify great Cato's name,
To deck his tomb, and conſecrate his fame?
Where liberty—O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear,
Nor pains nor death to guard our ſacred laws,
But bravely periſh in our country's cauſe.

* His preſent Majeſty when Prince of Wales.

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Patriots indeed—worthy that honeſt name,
Through every time and ſtation ſtill the ſame.
Should this ſuperior to my years be thought,
Know—'tis the firſt great leſſon I was taught.
What, tho' a boy, it may with pride be ſaid,
A boy, in England born, in England bred,
Where freedom well becomes the earlieſt ſtate,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more—before my eyes thoſe heroes ſtand,
Whom the great William brought to bleſs this land,
To guard with pious care that generous plan
Of pow'r well bounded—which he firſt began.
But while my good forefathers fire my mind,
The friends, the joy, the glory of mankind,
Can I forget that there is one more dear?—
But he is preſent—and I muſt forbear.

AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

O cara pretioſa Salus!

DESCEND, Hygeia, from thy ſeat, the effulgent realms above,
Bright ſource of bliſs! angelic maid, ſprung from Olympian Jove!

From

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From Salus fount, where thou preſid'ſt, regard the plaintive call,
Of ſuffering mortals, who for aid before thy altar fall.
Of earthly joy, efficient cauſe! from thy ſalubrious ſprings!
In balmy currents, O diffuſe to life what reliſh brings!
How taſteleſs ſublunary comforts all, that can from riches flow,
Unleſs within the human breaſt thy emanations gow,
Bedeck'd with pomp, with power, with ſtate, yet want the bliſs of health,
The wretched mortals ſighing cries, "The impotence of wealth!"
From pallid ſickneſs, direful ſtate, and all her meagre train,
Can gold procure one moment's eaſe, one interval from pain?
Hapleſs their ſtate from whom withdrawn thy radiant beams divine!
Depriv'd of thy ſuſtaining arm, thy potent aid benign!
Whoſe frame's diſeaſe, by waſting ſteps, diurnally decay;
In whom the lurking ſeeds of death evince their ſov'reign ſway;
Languid, depreſs'd, and ſuff'ring life before thy altar fall,
In feebleſt accents urge their pray'rs, and for thy ſuccour call.
The tyrant death in various ſhapes, a grim terrific band,
Confeſs'd in all their dread array, before their preſence ſtand;

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Struggling for life, juſt hov'ring round the confines of the grave,
For thy ſalubrious draught they pray; 'tis only thoſe can ſave,
Regard their moans, celeſtial maid! behold their abject ſtate!
Be thou their Ægis, their defence againſt impending fate,
So ſhall their pray'rs to thee and heav'n in hecatombs ariſe,
Their grateful breaths in chorus join'd, ſhall rend the lofty ſkies.
Thrice happy they, whoſe vig'rous forms confeſs thy tender care!
In whom the blooming rays of health in ruddy ſigns appear,
Whoſe well ſtrung nerves, athletic limbs, thy genial influence ſhow;
In whom the Tyrian ſtreams of life in limpid currents flow.
Unknown to theſe, the dreadful hours, the tedious nights of pain,
The wretches feel whom ſickneſs holds the victims of her reign.
No gleam of hope, no pauſe from pain, in future they ſurvey;
One conſtant gloom their minds poſſeſs, without one chearing ray.
The beauteous ſcene creation yields, to them no pleaſure give;
What joy imparts her brighteſt ſcenes, when mis'ry 'tis to live?

The

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The heav'n-implanted ray divine, mankind's peculiar boaſt,
Reſtrain'd her ſallies, check'd her flights, her genial ardour loſt.
Genius, whoſe ſoaring pow'rs could ſcan the ſyſtem of the ſkies,
To the ſtern fiat Sickneſs, gives a languid victim, lies.
Unbounded thoughts, which unconfin'd thro' heav'n and earth could rove,
Their animating ſource now ſtop'd, their ſprings forget to move.
Thoſe brilliant pow'rs ſo lately hers, which bounteous nature gave,
In vain exert their influence now, to 'ſcape the impending grave.
That tongue, whoſe pow'rs energic caught the paſſions by ſurpriſe,
No more is heard, her ſilver ſounds its wonted uſe denies.
Nature's prime work, the human form, in heav'nly ſemblance made,
Its glorious image now defac'd, in abject ſtate is laid.
Victims unnumber'd proſtrate fall, fulfilling her command,
Exempt nor health, nor youth, nor ſtrength, from her afflicting hand;
Robb'd of the roſy glowing tints, the radiance of her eyes
Languid expiring, pale and wan, all conq'ring beauty dies.

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Charms that ſo late employ'd each ſong, the theme of
ev'ry breath,
Now fled and gone, no traces left, a prey to ruthleſs death:
Clouded and dim, her luſtre gone, that eye once heav'nly
bright,
Approaching now the gaol of life, muſt cloſe in endleſs
night.
O roſy maid, diffuſe thy beams! thy all-enliv'ning ray!
For thy balſamic healing aid, thy ſuff'ring vot'ries pray;
O to their humble ardent pray'rs with ear benign attend!
From thy celeſtial radiant throne, ſalubrious mandates
ſend!
Bid the health-teeming gales deſcend propitious from the
ſkies;
Bid them the bed of languor leave, with renovation riſe.
O let the vivid breezes blow! to them their influence bear;
To action move their ceaſing ſprings, their ſinking ſpirits
chear.
Thus from the grave's tremendous verge, to life by thee
reſtor'd,
In hymns of joy by millions rais'd, thy name ſhall be
ador'd.

G. L----D.

Wandſworth, July 14.

The

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The PATRIOTS.

IN ſeventeen hundred and forty-five
When black rebellion was alive,
And with a giant-ſtride came forth
From her bleak den the ſtormy North;
Jack, who by creditors unkind,
Had long in priſon been confin'd,
At window bars, half-ſtarv'd, half-bare,
Standing to breathe the wholeſome air,
Who ſhould paſs by, in martial geer,
But ſwaggering Tom, the grenadier.
" Hollo—now Thomas, what's the crack?"
" Why, worſe than bad enough, friend Jack:
" They ſay—(damn him)—the young Pretender
" Bids fair to be our faith's Defender;
" And rebels now are brim with hope
" To bring in Charley and the Pope."
Quo' Jack, with lengthen'd rueful face,
" Good heav'n forbid:—if that's the caſe,
" Our liberty's for ever gone,
" And poor Old England quite undone!"
" Our liberty! cries Tom---what's worſe,
" A thouſand times a greater curſe,

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" If the Pretender mounts the throne,
" Damme---our dear religion's gone!"

Thus Jack in jail exclaims and fears
Freedom will be aboliſh'd:
While ſwaggering Tom, ſoldier-like, ſwears
The church will be demoliſh'd.

I. R.

EPIGRAM.

In imitation of MARTIAL. *Non amo te, Sabidi, &c.*

SLAND'RER, that thou and thine may know
I love thee not, I tell thee ſo,
The reaſon here I'll not diſcloſe,
Though I could quickly, if I choſe;
Pert, empty fool, I'll this allow,
I hate thee, that's ſufficient now.

J. Newell Puddicombe,
Nov. 19. *A youth of Lyme Regis, in Dorſetſhire.*

On

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On the Day of Judgment.

By Dr. SWIFT, *and not publiſhed among his Works.*

WITH undigeſted thoughts oppreſt,
I ſunk from reverie to reſt.
An horrid viſion ſeiz'd my head,
I ſaw the graves yawn up their dead;
Jove, arm'd with terrors, ope'd the ſkies,
The thunder roars, and light'ning flies;
While each pale ſpectre hangs its head,
Jove nodded, burſt the clouds, and ſaid,——
" You whom the various ſects have ſhamm'd,
" And come to ſee each other damn'd,
" As prieſts have threaten'd, (though they knew
" No more of my decrees than you)
" The world's vain buſineſs now being o'er,
" Such dogmas may prevail no more;
" I 'gainſt ſuch blockheads ſet my wit:
" I damn you all!---Go, go, you're bit."*

* By the late Mr. M'Millan, who publiſhed the above lines as Dr. Swift's.

The

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The TEAR.

HOW prone the boſom is to ſigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As through this painful life we ſteer,
This valley of the ſigh and tear.

When ſaints lift up their ſouls in pray'r,
Redeem'd from ſin, remorſe, and care,
Poſſeſs'd with hope and holy fear,
'Tis then the Chriſtian's pious tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends, long abſent, meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love ſincere,
'Tis then ſweet friendſhip's joyful tear.

When, by the heart, with ſorrow griev'd,
A thouſand bleſſings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can chear,
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then alas! the parting tear.

When

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Where wretches on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation ſign'd,
(The end of earthly being near)
'Tis then ſoft pity's gentle tear.

When one friend ſees another bleed,
Or ſuffer anguiſh, pain, or need,
Then, then, involv'd in ſmart ſevere,
We drop the ſympathetic tear.

If, on ſome lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop ſhould once appear,
'Tis then the lovely beauteous tear.

When mothers (O the grateful ſight!)
Their children view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge ſo dear,
'Tis then the ſweet maternal tear.

When lovers ſee the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conſcious bluſhing ſobs draw near,
'Tis then the lovely pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O! then, the bitter tear.

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But when the wretch, with ſins oppreſt,
Strikes, in an agony, his breaſt;
When torn with guilt, diſtreſs, and fear,
'Tis then the beſt, the ſaving tear.

Friday, Aug. 18. E. F.

To the memory of Mr. BURGH, *a learned School-maſter, and the ingenious and laborious author of Political Diſquiſitions, and the Dignity of Human Noture.*

By CAPT. THOMPSON.

BENEATH this ſod, conceal'd from mortal eyes,
The dignity of human nature lies.
What is this dignity, the ſophiſts ſcan?
"The nobleſt work of God—an honeſt man."

A little

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A little Man's little Ode on a little Woman frying Bacon.

DORINDA's bacon
Off the hooks,
Was lately taken
By the rooks.

Fretting, diſpleas'd
With maid and man,
Dorinda ſeiz'd
The frying-pan.

" How dare ye, fellow,
" Stuff your guts ?
" Give me the bellows !
" Fly, fly, ye ſluts !

" My grandſire lord,
" So great, ſo rich,
" (As tales record)
" Could eat a flitch.

" But is it meet
" Theſe ſlaves of mine
" Should take and eat
" Up all the ſwine ?

" I'll

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" I'll try to taſte
" A little ſlice,
" And bar the waſte
" Of two-legg'd mice."

She tried her pow'r,
Her pow'r repeats,
And every hour
Scolds, fries, and eats.

Verſes addreſſed to Miſs D-------N, *in Drontheim, in Norway.*

I.

WHILE D———n with gay delight
Among the Gothic fair appears;
As Cynthia in a cloudleſs night,
Serene amidſt the meaner ſtars;
Like the poor bard of Thrace I rove,
Forlorn, and weep my abſent love.

II.

No more I viſit Glencoe's vale,
Where ſhepherds meet in ſocial glee,
Where oft thy beauty grace their tale,
Where oft they ſing of love and thee:
No more I hunt in ſhades unſeen,
My goddeſs hid, my rural queen.

But

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III.

But like that injur'd Cretan maid.
Who lorn on deſart Naxos ſtood,
And her Theſeus' ſails diſplay'd,
Her ſwift bark plow the Ægean flood;
I loveleſs live, by love undone,
And haunt the ſhores, and weep alone.

IV.

Unleſs at eve in ſweeter ſtrains,
My ſad plaint Progne's ſiſter join,
When echo tells the diſtant plains
Of Tereus' cruelty and thine;
But oh! my boſom trebly glows
With Philomela's fabled woes.

V.

Not all the love and anxious cares
That rack the fond maternal breaſt,
Whoſe darling ſon purſues the wars,
And dangers of the fartheſt eaſt,
Nor grief of childleſs Niobe,
Can equal what I feel for thee.

VII.

Soon as the hov'ring ſhades of night
Are weſtward driv'n by jocund day,
I riſe, and from ſome cheerleſs height,
Afar the ſhipleſs waves ſurvey;
And to the ſenſeleſs flood complain
Of hopeleſs love and cold diſdain.

Or

VII.

Or on ſome cliff that beetles o'er
The margin of the boiſt'rous deep,
I ſit, and hear the billows roar,
And with the love-lorn echo weep,
'Till the bright ev'ning ſtar appears,
And Cynthia witneſs to my tears.

VIII.

In old time each revolving night,
Fair Hero from the turret high,
Her creſſet hung, whoſe cheerful light
Far ſtreaming thro the dark'ned ſky,
Was young Leander's faithful guide
O'er Helleſpont's rough billowy tide.

IX.

But tho' from ſome cloud-kiſſing tower,
Thy lamp, like Veſper's ev'ning ſtar,
Shone for my Tyrian Cynoſure,
Yet ah! what vent'rous lover dare
The wild waves of the Norway ſea?
And ev'ry ſhip's deny'd to me.

X.

Come then, while now propitious gales
Swift Eurus wings from Eaſtern ſkies,
For ſea-girt Albion ſpread thy ſails.
Nor fear that adverſe winds ariſe;
And pitileſs at Neptune's ſhrine
Devote that ſacred head of thine.

For

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XI.

For Venus o'er her native ſeas
Shall guide thy bark from dangers free,
And Æol temper ev'ry breeze,
And Nereus ſmooth the waves for thee.
For thee ſhall Cynthia nightly riſe,
Illume the deep, and gild the ſkies.

XII

Chaſte queen of ſtars! when thund'ring Jove
Endymion curs'd with endleſs ſleep,
She, veil'd in clouds, and led by love,
Sought the dear youth on Latmus ſteep,
And on her unpolluted breaſt
Pillow'd his head to ſweeter reſt.

XIII.

But thou art cold as polar ſnow,
And Cynthia's kindneſs laugh to ſcorn;
Thy Scythian heart nor feels for woe,
Nor yields to love the leaſt return:
For years I've mourn'd thy fierce diſdain,
Unpity'd ſigh'd, and wept in vain.

XIV.

Go then, my verſe, that ſoftening fire
To Peggy's frozen breaſt impart,
Which tun'd the Thracian poet's lyre,
And melted Pluto's ſtubborn heart;
With which the Paphian goddeſs ſtrung
The Leſbian lute, when Sappho ſung.

G. P. O. J. H.

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The following Lines were written upon Mrs. CREWE, *by the Hon.* CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.—
Is't reason? no; that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
Oh no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.

It

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Is my mind on diſtreſs too intenſely employ'd,
Or by pleaſure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both ſlacken the ſprings of thoſe nerves which they ſtrain.
That I've felt each reverſe that from fortune can flow,
That I've taſted each bliſs that the happieſt know,
Has ſtill been the whimſical fate of my life,
Where anguiſh and joy have been ever at ſtrife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleaſure and pain,
I am ſtill but too ready to feel them again.
If then for this once in my life I am free,
And eſcape from a ſnare might catch wiſer than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightneſs may dazzle, 'tis kindneſs that warms:
As on ſuns in the winter with pleaſure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, though their ſplendor we praiſe,
So beauty our juſt admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

HOMER HUMBLED. *An Epigram.*

CRIES Macpherſon with pride, every mortal that knows him
Muſt own the ſublime lofty pow'r of his pen;
But I will ſo change and ſo metamorphoſe him,
Not one in a thouſand ſhall know him again.

Cut him up.

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To GENERAL GAGE.

" ——Your priſoners, whoſe lives, by the law of the land, are *deſtin'd to the cord*, &c."

G. Gage's Letter to General Waſhington.

THESE poliſh'd times, we muſt allow,
Expreſſions neat afford;
We never talk of hanging now,
But deſtine to the cord.

Triumphant Gage has baniſh'd far
Hanging, that vulgar word:
Happy no doubt his pris'ners are
When deſtin'd to the cord.

May equal laurels ſtill adorn
His moſt tremendous ſword,
Till all who treat his name with ſcorn
Are deſtin'd to the cord!

And yet, great guard of Boſton town,
Before your prince can thank ye,
You'll knock a thouſand old words down,
But not a ſingle Yanky!

A de-

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A deſcription of Dr. DELANY'S *Villa.*

By DR. SHERIDAN.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe,
Believe me, Sir I will not gibe;
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?

You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very center.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight.
Yet in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a great variety;
Both walkss, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, tho' to ſay't I'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both.

Tho' ſmall's the farm, yet here's a houſe,
Full large to entertain a mouſe;

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But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian boar.
For, if 'tis enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down thro' a thing you call a vale;
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Or rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your ſweet meander,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill:
I'm ſure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Which one poor ſlug would fare but hard in:
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compute what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up thro' a tuft you call your trees,
And once a year a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows.
In vain you then expect its bloom;
It cannot blow for want of room.
In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There's nothing but yourſelf that's great.

Verſes

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Verſes to Miſs Clara Haywood,

By Mr. M-----s.

ON Pindus top your bards of old
Did drink and carol free;
'Twas Helicon made them ſo bold,
And Tunbridge works on me,

Ye nymphs that quaff the brimming glaſs,
Approve my humble praiſe!
Oh may the waters gently paſs,
And murmur to my lays.

Mark how their ſtony beds they leave,
And ſparkle while I ſing!
From Clara's touch they pride receive,
And ſcorn their native ſpring.

See Clara like a Naiad ſtands!
What muſic ſtrikes my ear!
What guſhing river ſweeps the ſands,
How ſwift, how ſtrong, how clear!

A god-

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A goddeſs, from an ocean ſprung,
In poet's ſong moſt odd is:
Here with more juſtice may be ſung
An ocean than a goddeſs.

With joy, ye waters, while ye glide,
To neighb'ring rivers tell,
How Venus pour'd her ample tide
From her capacious ſhell!

Henceforth, the Thames himſelf ſhall ſhrink
At your more honour'd ſtream;
What once has been my Clara's drink,
Shall be her poet's theme.

The brook, at firſt that meanly flows,
A nobler ſtream does turn,
Whene'er the poet's fancy ſhews
A goddeſs and her urn.

The ROSE and LILY.

Addreſſed to LORD W. *and his* LADY.

"WHENCE comes it, that in Clara's face
"The lily only has a place?"
Whence comes it!—why becauſe the roſe
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken at Portſmouth, written by the Rev. Mr. Stockdale, Author of the Poet, &c.

HITHER, deputed by theatric friends,
Whoſe humble intereſt on your will depends,
I come, and aided by the muſe's wing,
Their cauſe I plead, my humble thanks I bring.
Ill fated actors! is there here a mind,
Enlarg'd by thought, by piety refin'd,
That pities not our complicated woes?
Or ſay can human boſoms be our foes?
Our life with enmity can man relate,
And make us themes of ridicule or hate?
Fortune from us witholds her golden ſtore;
She dooms us exiles, and ſhe dooms us poor:
The judge appals us with tremendous awe,
Cenſure augments each fault, extends each flaw,
" The world is not our friend, nor the world's law."
Yet thanks to heav'n! we make no vain appeal
From thoſe who perſecute to thoſe who feel.
I ſee your ſouls, they live along my line;
In conquering eyes I ſee compaſſion ſhine;

The

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The veteran ſoldier and the dauntleſs tar,
For me forget awhile, the deeds of war;
Like Romans generous, and like Romans brave,
They're fierce to conquer, but they're warm to ſave.
Why do I ſee my benefactors here,
Where no melodious Catley charms their ear,
No mighty Bobadil, nor Shuter's wit,
Sets in a roar, box, gallery, and pit?
For our great Lear's dread ſtorm no thunders roll,
No Garrick agitates, and thrills the ſoul.
You ſit not here the borrow'd ſigh to heave,
In the bard's luxury of woe to grieve;
Your's is a godlike pleaſure—to relieve.
I kneel with rev'rence to ſuperior powers:
Yours is the glorious part; the feeling ours:
Your merit to requite our hearts aſpire;
You nobly act, with tranſports we admire,
O ceaſe not thus to act, at heaven's high call,
Whoſe eye paternal ſees a ſparrow fall;
Who gives his azure ſkies, his genial ſun to all."

To

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To a young Lady who obſerved that almoſt all Songs were alike.

ELIZA! you ſay that all ſongs are the ſame,
And turn on the ſubject of love;
That they paint but the brightneſs or ſtrength of a flame,
The ſoftneſs or faith of a dove.

Is it ſtrange, that a regent who governs our lives,
And is ever our bleſſing or curſe,
In ſtories of proſe to be uppermoſt ſtrives,
Or thruſts himſelf forward in verſe?

To the free in a court, or the ſlave in a cell,
This flattering viſion remains;
Tho' in palaces Cupid is happy to dwell,
Yet he viſits the wretched in chains,

If gallant and gay, in the reign he refin'd,
Great Villars with Shrewſbury toy'd,
Poor Mary of Scotland, in durance confin'd,
The love of her Bothwell enjoy'd.

Thro'

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Thro' every toil of Ulyſſes, his bride
Was a hope that ſurviv'd to the laſt;
When to baffle the force of a Cyclop he try'd,
Or rode through the waves on a maſt.

Then ſay not, Eliza! the paſſion can tire,
Or too oft with its ſhadow we play;
For you its reality live to inſpire,
And waken each amorous lay.

The man who on love is forbidden to write,
And muſt heavier ſtudies purſue,
Should never, Eliza! come into your ſight,
Or venture to liſten to you.

Upon Lord STORMONT's *loſing his St. Andrew at Court, on the 23d of June*, 1775.

COULD I in verſe the griefs of Scotland paint,
When ſtout Lord Stormont loſt her Thiſtle Saint?
And yet, methinks, ſhe need not thus deplore,
A Scotſman ne'er loſt ought at Court before.

N.

A FARE-

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A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

In the year 1717. *By* A. POPE.

DEAR, damn'd, diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze;
This year in peace, ye critics dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

Soft B---- and rough C---s, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H----k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervaiſe gratis paint, and Frowd
Save three-pence and his ſoul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good Chriſtian he,
Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot,

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Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
  Farewell, unhappy Tonſon!
Heav'n gives thee for thy loſs of Rowe,
  Lean Phillips, and fat Johnſon.

Why ſhould I ſtay? both parties rage;
  My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits, in envious feuds engage;
  And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of art lies cold and dead
  In Hallifax's urn;
And not one muſe of all he fed,
  Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends by turns, my friends confound,
  Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y---r's ſold for fifty pound,
  And B---ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
  When I no favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight—
  I need but once a-week?

Still idle, with a buſy air,
  Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt Valetudinaire,
  Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous

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Solicitous for others ends,
Tho' fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Laborious lobſter-nights, farewell!
For ſober, ſtudious days;
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe.

Adieu, to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

Upon Lord's NORTH's *being unanimouſly elected Chancellor of Oxford.*

THE times are chang'd—winds are not now as erſt.
What pow'r will do!—See nature here reverſt!
Zephyrs from Weſt and South brought florets forth;
But now, all vegetation's from the North.

N.

The

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The PORTRAIT.

Written at the requeſt of a Gentleman going to be married, dedicated to him by the Author, and publiſhed by his permiſſion.

"No: the world muſt be peopled.—When I ſaid I "would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould "live till I were married."

Much Ado about Nothing.

YOU aſk me, friend, to paint the dame
Who triumphs o'er your fancy;
This canvas ſhall her charms proclaim,
As like, Sir, as a tanſey.

Her forehead is a pointed hill
Where ſpring's mix'd colours glow;
And cruſted warts, like mole-caſts, fill
Th' uneven ſpace below;—

While emmets round their crumbling edge,
In ſearch of warmth aſpire,
Till to her hair (a quick-ſet hedge)
At night they all retire.

Her

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Her noſe is like a fountain plac'd
Her face's center hard on,
From whence two flowing currents haſte
To water all her garden.

Then, o'er her mouth ſo hangs this noſe,
That people paſſing, cry all,
(As to the ſun her teeth ſhe ſhews)
"Behold a perfect dial!"

Her many-pimpled cheeks ſo bright,
Where oft ſhe goes a worming,
Diſcloſe all Sodom to the ſight,
Or elſe Gomorrha burning,

Her eyes, without their ſhare of praiſe
Or admiration, ſome paſs,
But I affirm, her viſual rays,
Like ſailors, box the compaſs.

Her breath, like winds which backward blow,
We ſmell, where'er we turn us;
And Pluto's ſelf would ſure allow
'Tis Styx or pure Avernus.*

Bells backward rung, the ſcreech owls cry,
Wolves howling at the moon,
The grunt of boars that hate the ſty,
Are to her voice a tune.

* Styx and Avernus are the rivers of the fabled Hell. Their exhalations were ſuch, that not even a bird could fly over them, and eſcape with life.

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Of ev'ry grace that boaſts a name,
You'll ne'er meet one ſo full,
Unleſs indeed the Cretan dame *
Again ſhould go to bull.

Aſk you who owns theſe wond'rous charms
Which magnet-like, all men draw ?—
Come claſp her in your longing arms,
And call her Scolopendra. †

And, ſtill to make you leſs averſe
To wed this *Avis rara*,
Believe me, ſhe's the full reverſe
Of all I love in Zara.

To Miſs ———

HOW fickle a heart would a lover come at
In a woman divided by this and by that!
Round the world in ſix days tho' the wind ſcarcely run,
She'll change to each point of her compaſs in one.

* Paſiphæ, the wife of Minos, King of Crete. She fell in love with a bull, and the fruit of her unnatural paſſion was the Minotaur.

† The Scolopendra is ſuppoſed to be the moſt deformed and venemous of all the ſerpent race.

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At eight to a fool ſhe will never be wife,
For a ſenſible huſband's the bleſſing of life;
But a rap at the door overſets the deſign,
And ſhe'll dreſs to make tea for a coxcomb at nine,

At ten ſhe'll aſſure you ſhe knows not a friend
Whoſe tenderneſs more ſhe is loth to offend:—
But alas! on her conſtancy build not your heav'n,
For ſhe'll hardly return your ſalute by eleven.

At twelve ſhe's her conſcience determin'd to ſearch,
And what place ſo proper for this as a church?
But at Reda's * near one ſhould ſhe chuſe to ſtep in,
You'll gueſs what a ſtruggle ſhe's making with ſin.

At two ſhe revolves the hiſtorical page—
For ignorant women diſcredit an age—
Yet you'll find her with Mrs. Cornelys by three,
To know when the next maſquerade is to be.

By four ſhe's impatient the cloth ſhould be laid,
Her butler's a blockhead, her woman a jade;
But if Tom brings a note, Sue a freſh pot of paint,
At five one's a wit, and the other a ſaint.

At ſix, ſhe's for Shakeſpeare and Garrick combin'd,
For one beſt expreſſes what t'other deſign'd;
But at ſeven you'll meet her, to Garrick uncivil,
Where Macklin with Shakeſpeare is playing the devil.

* See the cauſe between Lord Groſvenor and his Royal Higneſs the Duke of Cumberland.

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Such varied tranſitions perhaps do not move
In the ſteadier breaſt of the maiden I love;
Yet, Zara, perhaps in the heap may be ſhown
Some change, which a little reſembles your own!

ODE

On WILKES's *Election for the Lord Mayor.*

YE patriot dames, rejoice and ſing!
Let ev'ry lofty ſteeple ring!
Butchers, your marrow-bones and cleavers rattle,
Roar *Io Pæans* o'er your bleeding cattle!
This day freedom gain'd relief,
Rejoice, rejoice o'er porter, gin and beef!

Crack the welkin with huzzas,
Let bonefires ſhame the ſolar rays!
This election freedom won
For her noble warlike ſon:
Seat him in the curule chair,
Hail him London's glorious mayor!
Let Kennet run—and Bellows puff,
And North, and Mansfield—ſilent take their ſnuff!
And meſſengers upon the wing,
Bear hence the glorious news to Britain's King!

Let

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Let Hallifax and Shakeſpeare twine
Around their necks a home-ſpun line;
And let them wrangle,
While they dangle,
Ficking,
Kicking,
Tho' thouſands gaze—yet no one interpoſes,
And conſtables but blow their ſnotty noſes.

Now the manſion-houſe illumine,
Let there be not one dark room in;
Let it be ſo blazing bright,
That owls may ſeek the day for fainter light!

Now, ye bards and authors, aid us;
Count your fingers—thumb the gradus!
Give us ev'ry rhime we wiſh,
Ev'ry high poetic diſh,
Cook'd and garniſh'd up by Maſter Byſh!

Ev'ry poet fill his belly
With plumb-pudding, beef, and jelly,
'Till bold as Allen, and as Wiſe as Kelly.
Io Pæans—fill the air!
Such dancing——ſuch cheer,
We'll have the next year,
When honeſt Jack Wilkes is the ogling Lord Mayor,

N.

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TEARS OF ISIS,

On the much lamented death of Mr. WILLIS FAULKENER, *of St. Mary-hall Lane, Peruke-maker, Hair-dreſſer, and Cutter.*

Quo tondente gravis juvenis mihi barba ſonabat
JUVENAL.

THEN thou at laſt art laid in tomb,
Beſt favourite of the time!
Thou ſhalt no more thy wife's head comb,
And ſhe no more comb thine.

The club curtail'd—Carliſle prolix—
Or macaroni queue—
The kidney ſmooth—the knowing twiſt—
To form none better knew.

"To build the lofty" firm toupee
With powder and pomatum,
Did any baſe-born barber try,
He never fail'd to beat 'em,

E'en

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E'en Gallia's barbarizing ſons,
So ſkill'd the comb to handle,
To poor departed Willis were
Not fit to hold a candle.

How well he dreſs'd each gownſman ſpruce!
How well his dame dreſs'd him!
Now ſhe no more ſhall dreſs her ſpouſe,
Now he no more dreſs them!

He who the razor ſmooth was wont
With hand ſo true to wield,
To the ſharp razor of old Time
Is forc'd himſelf to yield!

Alas! he was a barbar brave,
There never liv'd a braver;
Iſis, lamenting o'er his grave,
With tears cries, "that's the ſhaver!"

How well he knew the hair to cut,
Or thin the large toupee!
But Proſerpine was ſkill'd as well
In theſe, 'tis plain, as he!

(Tho' ſome ſay Proſerpine juſt then
Was rubbing Pluto's head;
So ſent experienc'd Dalilah
To cut him in her ſtead.)

How-

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Howe'er, the caſe is plain as noſe
In face, or I'm miſtaken,
(As noſe, by which poor Willis hath
The boldeſt of us taken.)

That he will be but powder ſoon,
And that his widow'd ſpouſe
(*Deo volente*) carries on
The buſineſs of the houſe—

She ſays, ſhe'll make your curls ſtand ſtiff,
In ſpite of wind or air;
And makes no doubt but ſhe ſhall ſuit
Her maſters to a hair,
Surgeons Hall, Oct. 22.

To the Author of the Idyllium to the Biſhop of St. Aſaph.

I.

DEAR Jo, implore Dan Phœbus ſkill,
For Shipley's worn out grey-gooſe quill
Muſt find ſome aid ſublimer ſtill
Than thine, to ſing of Snowdon Hill,

Car-

II.

Carnarvon nymphs, whoſe glances kill
The hearts of ſwains, O lend your ſkill,
For Captain Jo, and Shipley will
Attempt the praiſe of Snowdon Hill.

III.

Such barren ſcenes the muſes chill,
Your ſmiles alone benignant will
Inſpire their lifeleſs lays, until
They ſing your praiſe, not Snowden Hill.

IV.

Deſiſt, nor take, dear Jo, thy ſwill
Of Snowden's ſtreams, or Snowden's rill;
But drink of * Curw's juice a gill,
More ſweet to ſing of Snowden Hill.

V.

If ſing you muſt, and ſing you will,
Tho' high the theme and low the ſkill,
Take quantum ſuff. of Truxis' † pill,
Before you ſing of Snowden Hill.

Hiſpanienſis Llanddufnenſis.
Written at the Windmill, on the firſt of April.

* Ale. † The Britiſh word for a Capræ-medicus, a profeſſion of repute in Wales.

To

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To ——, on a miſtaken Attachment.

By Mr. M——s.

ADVICE, that oppoſes a paſſion like thine,
May raſh and ungrateful appear;
Yet friendſhip forbids me a truth to decline,
Though it hope not thy patience to hear.

It grieves me to ſee thee thus covet with rage,
A heart that no merit can move;
While wealth, with diſeaſe, or libidinous age,
In a moment would melt her to love.

And more ſtill I'm griev'd, that a whim-begot aim,
In ſpleen, fits and idleneſs bred,
Should now, by long habit, be nurs'd to a flame,
And thy heart be thus dup'd by thy head.

Believe me, my friend, though thy well-faſhion'd form
Was adorn'd with the mind of a god;
Not all their joint powers that boſom cou'd warm,
Or awaken that ſpiritleſs clod.

Some

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Some hundreds have try'd her, with leſſons refin'd,
As the road to her ruſt-eaten dower;
And ſome all the ſenſe-winning arts have combin'd,
But like Danae ſhe will have her ſhower.

Her fancy is lifeleſs, and ſluggiſh her ſenſe;
Abortive each wiſh and deſire;
And her nerves only ſtretch to the ſound of the pence,
Her touchſtone of amorous fire.

Her lips are no road to her hand or her heart;
They've a cramp-fleſh, and blood cant diſſever;
And unleſs your warm touch burns with Midas's art,
You may preſs and implore her for ever.

Cou'd your purſe, like your paſſion ſollicit her mind,
She would ſtrike to the price of your wiſhes;
Both her body and ſoul are on ſale to mankind,
For a ſwain with the loaves and the fiſhes.

But in vain does your barber new miracles try,
And your tongue flow with Paris-bred jargon;
The head of your cane has more charms in her eye,
And if gold, reaſons beſt for the bargain.

Could a coffin a richer-bred paſſion unfold,
She wou'd gaze with more rapture upon it,
And the ſqueak of the hinge was the metal but gold,
Wou'd prevail o'er thy love-labour'd ſonnet.

Nay

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Nay, ſhould you, by teazing, her temper ſubdue,
And her heart at the church was relenting;
The price of the bride-cake would riſe to her view,
And ſhe'd ſneak to her duſt-hole repenting.

Deſiſt then, my friend, and thy reaſon regain,
Let the rebel return to his duty;
Diſcard the foul ideot at once from thy brain,
And do juſtice to paſſion and beauty.

As int'reſt firſt taught your vain wiſh for a bride,
Though fate ſaves your ſide from the thorn;
You may ſtill be a gainer, the curſe throw aſide,
And pocket the bleſſing, her ſcorn.

Love ſhould be a commerce, our bliſs to improve,
And where nature denies a return,
Spurn the profitleſs curſe, for man is'nt, thank Jove,
Like the Phœnix, ſelf-fated to burn.

Bring thy penitent vows to wrong'd Venus's ſhrine,
Treat her ſcorn, like the ſcheme, with a laugh,
Breathe out the pure flame to ſome nymph half divine,
And leave her to bow down to the calf.

M——S.

Written

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Written in the Right Honourable the Earl of OXFORD's *Library, at Wimpole*, 1729,

By SOAME JENYNS,

WHO uninſpir'd can tread this ſacred ground,
With all the ſons of fame encompaſs'd round?
Where crown'd with wreaths of ever verdant bays,
Each ſiſter art her willing charms diſplays.
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
There marble buſts illuſtrious faces ſhow;
And in old coins are little heroes ſeen,
With venerable ruſt of ages, green.
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By gothic fire, or perſecution's rage,
Perfect and fair, un-number'd volumes ſtand,
By providence preſerv'd for Oxford's hand.

Whilſt thus within theſe learned walls I ſtray,
At once all climes and ages I ſurvey;
On fancy's wings I fly from ſhore to ſhore,
Recall paſt time, and live whole æras o'er;
Converſe with heroes fam'd in ancient ſong,
And bards, by whom thoſe heroes breathe ſo long;

Obſerve

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Obſerve each progreſs wit and learning makes;
How harraſs'd nations trembling ſhe forſakes,
And chuſes ſtill to build her downy neſt
In happier climes with peace and plenty bleſt.
See how, in fam'd Auguſtus' golden days,
She triumphs, crown'd with univerſal praiſe!
Approaches thrones with a majeſtic air,
The Prince's miſtreſs, and the ſtateſman's care:
Mecænas ſhines in every claſſic page,
Mecænas, once the Harley of his age.
No meaner charms in Albion ſhe diſplays,
Invited thither by Saturnian days,
When Anna's prudent hand the ſcepter ſway'd,
And Oxford lent the drooping muſes aid:
By him inſpir'd, ſee all the tuneful train,
In Britains glorious ſons revive again!
Prior like Horace ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
And in harmonious Pope again ſweet Maro ſings.

Again ſhe waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his ſon.
Chas'd from the ſenate and the court ſhe flies;
Cunning and party-zeal her place ſupplies:
Yet ſtill, ſince fix'd in Wimpole's happy plain,
(Her laſt retreat) ſhe knows not to complain;
There, in great Oxford's converſe, does engage
Th' inſtructive ear, and ſhames a vicious age:

Or

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Or in his conſort's accents ſtands confeſt,
And charms with graceful eaſe each liſt'ning gueſt:
Or, with her lov'd companions glady ty'd,
Unſtudied charms, and beauty void of pride,
Tranſported dwells in the celeſtial place,
And ever ſmiles in Margaretta's face.

Shakeſpeare in the Shades.

AS Shakeſpeare rang'd over the regions below,
With the muſes attending his ſide,
The firſt of his critics he met with was Rowe,
Tho' to keep out of ſight he had try'd.

"How comes it, friend Nicholas," ſaid the old bard,
(While Nic was preparing a ſpeech)
"My ruins ſo coarſely by you were repair'd,
"Who grace to the graces could teach?"

"Had the time you employ'd when the Biter * you wrote,
So hiſs'd by the critical throng,
Been ſpent upon mending the holes in my coat,
It had not been ragged ſo long."

* The Biter, an attempt at Comedy by Rowe, which was received with that contempt which it well deſerved.

Rowe

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Rowe bluſh'd, and made way for diminutive Pope,
Whom Shakeſpeare addreſs'd with a frown,
And ſaid---" Some apology ſure I may hope
From you and your friend in the gown."

" Had the murderous knife which my plays has deſtroyed,
By lopping full many a ſcene,
To make you a lover like him, been employ'd
How flat Cibber's letter had been."

Pope ſneak'd off confounded; and Hanmer drew near,
Whoſe ſoftneſs a ſavage might melt;
So, Shakeſpeare ſaid only, " Sir Thomas, I fear
With gloves on, my beauties you felt."

Supported by Caxton, by Wynkin upheld,
Text Tibbald crept forward to fight:
" Is this, quoth the poet, the thing that rebell'd,
And dar'd even Pope to the fight?

" To Kennel, good Tib, for a time will arrive,
When all in their ſenſes ſhall know,
That half of your conſequence, Tib, you derive
From the laſh of ſo envied a foe,

" Eight

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" Eight hundred old plays thou declar'ſt thou haſt read;*
How could'ſt thou the public ſo cozen?
Yet the traces I ſee (ſpite of what thou haſt ſaid)
Of not many more than a dozen.

" If all thou haſt dug, how could Farmer, my Tib,
Or Stevens find gold in the mine?—
Thy trade of Attorney ſure taught thee to fib,
And truth was no client of thine.

" And yet, to appeaſe me for all thou haſt done,
And ſhew thou art truly my friend;
Go watch, and to me with intelligence run
When Johnſon and Capell deſcend.

" For Johnſon, with all his miſtakes, I muſt love,
Ev'n love from the injur'd he gains;—
But Capell a comrade for dullneſs will prove,
And him thou may'ſt take for thy pains."

* Theobald, in the preface to his firſt edition of Shakeſpeare, aſſerts that exclusive of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Johnſon, he had read above eight hundred old Engliſh plays, to aſcertain the uncommon and obſolete phraſes in his author. The reader who can diſcover the fruits of this boaſted induſtry in his notes, may ſafely believe him; and thoſe who cannot, may ſurely claim the liberty, like myſelf, to doubt ſomewhat of his veracity. This aſſertion, however, Theobald had ſufficient modeſty to omit in the preface to his ſecond edition, together with all the criticiſms on Greek authors, which I am aſſured he had collected from ſuch papers of Mr. Wycherley, as had been entruſted to his care for very different purpoſes. It is much to be queſtioned whether there are five hundred old plays extant, by the moſt accurate peruſal of which the works of Shakeſpeare could receive advantage; I mean of dramas prior, contemporary, or within half a century before and after his own.

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EPIGRAM

On Lady Bridget T----'s refuſing to repeat part of the Matrimonial vow after the Clergyman.

LADY BRIDGET, at church, on the conjugal day,
After cheriſh---and love,---mutter'd inwardly---bey!
For clipping this word, it came into her head,
She was bound to perform——only what ſhe had ſaid!
The parſon, quite orthodox, vow'd he would hear
O-bey ſpoken out quite diſtinctly, and clear!
'Till T——che interpoſing, cry'd, "Pray let it go!
"For e'er the night paſs, I will make her cry O!"

SNAP.

A Taylor's Epigram of Mancheſter Velvet.

YE old Yorkſhire clothes, and ye gay Norwich ſtuffs,
No longer to Tory St. James's reſort,
With the orange clad whigs---ye will meet but rebuffs,
For Mancheſter velvet's the dreſs of the Court.

N.

EPI-

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EPIGRAM

On ſeeing the pictures of Lady Townſhend *and her Siſter, painted by Sir* Joſhua Reynolds.

I Thought the * Graces were but three,
To wit Montgom'ry, Gard'ner, Townſhend;
But Reynolds, thy bright art, I ſee,
To thoſe three beauties gives a thouſand.

On a Lady's reproving the Author for his unuſual diſtance when converſing with her.

SEEK not, Phillis, to diſcover,
In converſe, why this diſtance---
For whilſt by eyes I'm made your lover,
Your breath commands reſiſtance.

T. VAUGHN.

* The Graces was an appellation that thoſe ladies were univerſally toaſted by in Dublin.

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A NEW SONG.

Suppoſed to have been ſung by Goody N---h, *by way of Lullaby to the Foundling Brat, the Popiſh Quebec Bill.*

To the Tune of "O my Kitten, my Kitten."

O My baby, my baby,
And O my baby, my deary,
And was its papa aſham'd
To own his bantling here-e?
My dear little Popiſh puppet,
So like its dad, Lord B---te-e!
O naughty papa, to drop it,
And the B——ps all to ſit mute-e!
Then up with the Papiſts, up, up,
And down with the Proteſtants, down-e;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And all for the good of the crown-e.

And we will have goſſips in ſtore,
And reverend B——ps to bleſs it;
Lord Chatham ſhall teaze it no more,
But let my majority dreſs it:

That

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That thou ſhalt have plenty of clouts,
The B----ps will tear up their ſleeves-e;
Then be no more, child, in the pouts;
Huſh, huſhy, my baby——What grieves-e?
Then up with the Papiſts, &c.

Then down with the fam'd reformation,
Each church, each chapel, and meeting;
While I'm overſeer of the nation
I'll cheriſh and foſter my ſweeting,
Then heigh for the fine wooden ſhoes,
And heigh for a cock-horſe to ride-e;
And heige for proceſſions and ſhews;
And heigh for a Smithfield fire-ſide-e.
Then up with the Papiſts, &c.

Then heigh for the penance and pardons,
And heigh for the faggots and fires;
And heigh for the Popiſh church-wardens,
And heigh for the prieſts and the friars;
And heigh for the raree-ſhew relics
To follow my Canada bill-e,
With all the Pope's mountebank tricks:
So prithee, my baby, lie ſtill-e,
Then up with the Papiſts, &c.

The BELLMAN.

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FLAMINIUS' *Hymn to* APOLLO *tranſlated.*

O Thou whoſe gentle voice, and magic lyre
Sound through the depth of Cynthus' piny grove,
To gain the nymphs who glide in ſportive choir,
And trill ecſtatic on the ear of Jove.

An ardent votary from my earlieſt years
Thy laureat enſigns, Phœbus, ſtill I bear,
Thy inſpiration every joy endears,
Propitious ſmile, and liſten to my prayer,

The piety of fam'd Farneſia's heir,
Gives to my wiſhes the ſecluded fields;
I ſoar beyond the reach of cold deſpair,
A life of poliſh'd eaſe my patron yields.

Thy poet, tho' malignant envy blame,
Shall hymn his virtues in immortal ſong;
Devouring time reveres that princely name,
Theſe warbled ſtrains its triumphs ſhall prolong.

Thus in yon ſhelter'd bower the myrtle thrives,
By Naiads water'd are its bleſt retreats,
Amid the blaſt of winter it ſurvives,
Nor fades beneath the parching ſummer heats.

L. L.

To

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On the impriſonment of the two Woodfalls and Williams, at the inſtigation of C---- F----

CHARLES's vigilance makes full amends for poor Stephen,
He's a fly, wary, crafty young F-x;
With printers and devils he ſurely is even,
He has three of them now in the ſtocks.

N.

On the death of the ſomnifick Lord Holland.

POCKET your handkerchiefs, nor ſob or weep,
Stephen but takes a little longer ſleep!
Death is at laſt each mortal's ſad miſhap,
Tho' 'tis not death to Stephen, but a nap,
Sleep on in peace, and ſave your feeble eyes.
When the laſt trump you hear, 'tis time enough to riſe.

N.

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To Mrs. Cr---t---ell, *at Bath.*

ON Cr—t---ell's cheek the lovely roſe,
As ſweet as that of morning, blows.
How happy he who freely ſips
Th' Hyblæan honey of her lips,
Whilſt on her breaſt reclin'd he lies,
And Cupids wanton in her eyes!
Who would not envy ſo much bliſs?
Is there a wiſh compared to this?
Let pomp enjoy her ermin'd ſtate,
And let who will be rich or great,
Poſſeſſing her, and her alone.
Is worth the ſplendor of a throne.

On ſeeing a faded Roſe in a Noſegay, worn by Mrs. B. at Ranelagh.

IN vain, Maria, do you ſtrive
To keep the fading roſe alive,
With nature for your foe.
To Phœbus' rays the fragrant flow'r
Alone can owe its vivid hour,
And not to hills of ſnow.

Surry T. VAUGHN.

STAN-

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STANZAS on MAY.

SWEETEST daughter of the year,
See the roſy May appear!
On their pinions Zephyrs bring
All the balmy joys of ſpring:
Earth with liberal bounty pours
Rich variety of flow'rs.
In the gay, enamell'd mead
See the daiſy lift its head;
Circled with luxuriant gold,
Cowſlips burniſh'd pride behold.

Hark, from every tuneful ſpray
Vernal muſic wakes the day!
Hark! the dove in melting ſtrains,
Languiſhingly ſoft, complains;
Fondly courts his billing mate
To the joys of nuptial ſtate.

Echo hears the amorous tale,
Echo tells the neighb'ring vale;
Neighb'ring vale the neareſt hill,
Neareſt hill the neighb'ring rill;
Thus the love-ſick ſtory runs,
Mazy round! through nature's ſons.

Now

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Now the lover wakes the lay,
Riſe, my fair, and come away,
Tepid gales, and warmer beams,
Painted fields, and purling ſtreams:
Fragrant groves with grateful ſhade
By the ſocial branches made:
Such enchanting ſcenes, my fair,
Aſk thy lovely preſence there.
Come, reſiſtleſs nymph, then come—
Leave to care the gilded dome:
Pomp, and all its train deſpiſe,
Rude impertinence and noiſe;
Envy, ſlander, malice, ſtrife,
Curſes of a public life!
Theſe for rural pleaſures quit,
Smiles, ſincerity and wit.*

A CASE. *Conſulto opus eſt.*

MY client Tom (God grant he ever find
His lawyer honeſt---and his miſtreſs kind)
Is, worthy ſirs, and ſo I m bound to ſay,
A youth that's truly gen'rous, kind and gay:
Of manly port,---which never fails to pleaſe,
Of winning manners---ſhewn wsth graceful eaſe;

* By the late Mr. M'Millan.

On

A poetical Billet, from CAPTAIN ROACH *to* MRS. RUDD.

WHILE Nobles burn thy tedious chains to break,
And doat on fraud, for Carolina's ſake—
While turnkeys itch their coarſer flames to quench,
And Reverend M—f—d fidgets on the bench—
While W---k--s in thee firſt owns a power divine,
And knows his deeds muſt ever yield to thine,
Though city ſpoils his Gallic fame ſhould raiſe,
And other bonds of other Sylvas blaze—
Oh could theſe lines, a lover's tale to tell,
Aſcend the walls of Newgate's topmoſt cell,
From cloſe-barr'd windows chaſe the hovering gloom,
And cloath with Indian forms th' unpaper'd room,
And all thou would'ſt, thy inſtant wiſh ſhould meet,
And theſe drear Manſions rival Harley-ſtreet.

Yet dread not thou a vulgar ſwain's approach;
The man who courts thy hand, is Captain R---
Both fought renown, yet different paths purſu'd,
Fraud mark'd thy courſe, while mine was drench'd with blood;
Small difference yet our wayward fates afford,
The crow-quill pen was dang'rous as the ſword;

And,

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And, join'd at laſt, may fix each rival name
On Tyburn's loftieſt Amaranth of fame.*

Come thou, whoſe arts our doting ſex adore,
Conſort of R—dd, and choice of S—v—d—re!
Or greater offſpring of the Stuart line!
(For ſure in thee their brighteſt virtues ſhine)
Be thou henceforth thy fellow captive's wife,
And ſhare with him the joys of doubtful life!
The ſweeteſt cordial time permits, ſupply,
And triumph once o'er fortune ere you die!—

'Tis done; methinks new Tranſports fire my breaſt: ----
Ye cooks of Newgate dreſs the bridal feaſt! ---
Friends give me joy; together let's be gay;
When others hang, ſhall be our wedding day.
And when with felons the full cart is crown'd,
And the bell tolls its elevating ſound,
When ropes and fetters ſtrew the preſs-room floor,
And parting drams confederate gin-ſhops pour,
Thou, Caroline, thoſe glorious ſhades invite
By day who cheated, or who ſtabb'd by night;

* Loftieſt Amaranth of Fame. This beautiful ſpecimen of Grecian imagery, Mr. Maſon was adviſed by Gray to leave out of Caractacus, as being inconſiſtent with Druidical mythology.

Call

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Call Chartres, Leukup, Cranſtoun, Hayes the Fair; †
And H——ne, our ſole-invited prieſt, be there;
He with black tongue ſhall bleſs the bride, and ſpread
His gown and caſſock on our nuptual bed. ‡

To CLARA.

AS when, in ancient tales ſome nymph compell'd
To ſtand the fortunes of the liſted field,
Beholds th' accuſer ſheath'd in arms advance,
Wield the rough mace, or touch the gleaming lance,
While all around ſhe rolls her languid eye,
And ſees no chief, no brave defender nigh;
Her thoughts, at length, a mournful train, repair
To ſeek the refuge of a ſilent pray'r:

But if, fierce bounding thro' the diſtant ſhade,
Some warrior haſtes to injur'd virtue's aid,
Uncall'd, unbrib'd, his ſword ſucceſsful draws,
And aſks no glory but a woman's cauſe---

† Hayes the fair. Not the celebrated Charlotte, but Mrs. Catherine Hayes, a lady who had the misfortune to murder her huſband and live in inceſt with her ſon. This note is added to prevent all poſſibility of miſtaking the one character for the other.

‡ Should the Captain eſcape from his preſent charge, he may be try'd on a ſecond indictment in the court of Parnaſſus, for having robbed Dr. Young's Revenge of almoſt all the concluding lines of its fourth act.

What

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What tho' (his name, his lineage unexpos'd,
His ſhield unſculptur'd, and his helmet clos'd)
The virgin freed, the proud oppreſſor ſlain,
His courſer bears him to the ſhades again?
Yet ſtill her ſmiles a grateful tranſport own,
And hail the triumphs of a hand unknown.

Thus Clara views the hoſtile boſom gor'd,
Thus feels her mind its ancient peace reſtor'd;
Her champion thus, for inſtant flight prepar'd,
In conſcious honour finds his beſt reward.
--- Yet, ſhould her foes once more their ambuſh ſpread,
And point their arrows at her blameleſs head,
Again in arms, to ſuccour fame or love,
He burſts refulgent from the conſcious grove;
With light'ning ſpeed to cruſh detraction flies,
And cruſh'd detraction totters, ſinks, and dies.

Strate, farewell! be hence thy prudence ſhown,
Nor tempt an arm far mightier than thy own!
From woman's rage ſome daring miſchief fear,
And ceaſe to ſmile when beauty drops a tear!

Tattle good night, of letter'd foes the leaſt,
Thou plump-fed Sancho to a Quixote prieſt!
The muſe who leaves not meaneſt follies free,
Muſt bluſh to think ſhe e'er could ſtoop to thee!

Clara!---adieu my ſoul's far dearer part,
Firſt in my thoughts, and ever near my heart!

Soon

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Soon may the Paphian wreath entwine thy head!
Health ſcatter roſes round thy nuptial bed!
May each attempt to blaſt thy peace be vain,
And angels guard thee till we meet again!

Oxford, Aug. 24. L.

Epitaph deſigned for a Gentleman in Glouceſterſhire, who intends his Burial Place ſhall be on the top of a high hill, at a diſtance from the Church.

I Lie not here, that on the awful day,
When the loud trumpet bids my bones ariſe,
And cloath'd a-new with their long-periſh'd clay,
May ſooner penetrate the op'ning ſkies.

For then, of none effect were godly worth,
And goſpel promiſes in vain were given;
But the proud tyrant of exalted birth,
Would arrogantly claim the bliſs of heaven.

The low-laid peaſant, and the ſea-ſunk brave,
Would be retarded in their airy flight,
Whilſt the tall gibbet triumph'd o'er the grave,
And * Daſhwood's ſhade enjoy'd the realms of light.

* Lord Le Deſpenſer removed the Church of Weſt Wickcombe, to the top of a high hill, at a little diſtance from the town.

But

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But that my ſoul from mortal boundaries free,
May o'er theſe dreary cotſwolds nightly ſtray;
And with inſtructive hand, (ſo heaven decree)
Point out the weary traveller's dubious way.

Nought but the tripping elves ſhall here reſort,
No vicar's horſe ſhall e'er this ſod invade;
Nor will my ſkull, like Yorick's, be the ſport
Of the unfeeling ſexton's buſy ſpade.

July 31. CROTCHET.

Intelligence of a remarkable ECHO which has been found out near the late lodge at Richmond: the manner of its diſcovery was whimſical enough. A great perſonage, in one of his morning walks, happened to *ſneeze* juſt as he came by this ſpot, the echo reverberated the word *eaſe*. The a-propos of this anſwer cauſed him to have further experiments made, and Lord D-----gh being one of the lords in waiting at that time, (who is remarkable for having the ſtrongeſt pair of lungs of any in the Court Calendar) was the perſon appointed for that purpoſe. The following are therefore the queſtions and replications.

Q. What do you think I am, and what my poſt is?

Echo. *Poſtiſs.*

What's the beſt way of coming by a place?

Echo. *Buy a Place.*

Which

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Which is the road to modern glory?
Echo. *Go awry,*
What's become of public conſcience?
Echo. *Gone ſince.*
What's the religion at St. James's?
Echo. *James's*
What's the *buſineſs* of the firſt lord of the Treaſury?
Echo. *Treaſure high.*
What's the *jus divinum* of a Crown?
Echo. *A Crown.*
What are thoſe patriots that can ſo turn and wind?
Echo. *Wind.*
What's the great ſecret of law?
Echo. *A flaw.*
What's the morality of a theatre?
Echo. *At her.*
What's the chat of the day?
Echo. *Day.*
Hark! how the Laureat *charms* us with his lyre!
Echo. *Liar.*
Who *was* the fatteſt man in St. Stephen's?
Echo. *Stephen.*
Epiſcopari noli. Echo. *O! lie.*
God bleſs the K—g! Echo. *Th'ing.*

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The Rev. Mr. F. *to Mr.* J. C.

YOU was ſo obliging to ſend us a pig,
Like Miſs Betty Pringle's, 'twas not very big;
Some think it the ſweeter and better for that;
But then, to be ſure, it was not very fat.
When I call it not fat, I certainly mean
That your pretty piggy was rather too lean;
But then, as I now ſhall improve in my metre,
The *nearer the bone, the fleſh was the ſweeter,*
From what's above ſaid, I will prove very clear,
The fleſh was all *ſweet*, for I'm ſure it was, *near.*
However, perhaps you intended to York us;
It was not *epicuri de grege porcus*:
But coming ſo far as from Bengal or China,
The pretty poor piggy was hurt in the ſpina,
As it had juſt left ſchool, I hop'd it would ſqueak
A diſtich or two in moſt elegant Greek;
So I look'd in his mouth, and I thought to find that in,
But lo! in the room were ſome verſes of Latin!
In which, you arch rogue, with your uſual ſlineſs,
You ſtile my dear Nanny Her moſt Serene Highneſs,
When you know very well, though her looks are ſo placid,
She's cloudy ſometimes, and with ſweet mingles acid.

Now

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Now what ſhall I ſend in return for your preſent?
Some partridge, or woodcocks, a hare, or a pheaſant?
If I durſt my adventurous fancy let looſe,
I would certainly ſend you a fat Kentiſh gooſe;
But you'd pluck the beſt quills, and then very ſoon
I ſhould find myſelf cut in ſome biting lampoon.

Nov. 2, 1771.

My rib joins in com. to your excellent wife,
Whom we hope you will love all the days of your life.

The noble GAME *of* CRICKET.

ASSIST all ye Muſes, and join to rehearſe,
An old Engliſh ſport never prais'd yet in verſe.
'Tis Cricket I ſing, of illuſtrious fame,
No nation e'er boaſted ſo noble a game.

Derry Down, &c.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old,
Some were ſwift in their race, ſome in battle were bold,
The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,
Hark they ſhout and Olympia returns the glad ſound.

What boaſting of Caſtor, and Pollux his brother,
The one fam'd for riding, for bruiſing the other
But compar'd with our heroes they ſhine not at all,
What are Caſtor and Pollux to Nyren and Small?

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Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and toſſing,
And bowling and ſtriking, and running and croſſing;
Each mate muſt excell in ſome principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not ſhow ſo much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Elis ne'er boaſted ſo pleaſing a fight;
Each nymph looks aſkew at her favourite ſwain,
And views him half ſtript, both with pleaſure and pain.

The wickets are pitch'd now, and meaſur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring, and ſtand gazing around:
Since Ajax fought Hector in ſight of all Troy,
No conteſt was ſeen with ſuch fear and ſuch joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game muſt depend:
Spare your vigour at firſt, nor exert all your ſtrength,
But meaſure each ſtep, and be ſure pitch a length.

Ye ſtrikers obſerve when the foe ſhall draw nigh,
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye;
Your ſkill all depends upon diſtance and ſight,
Stand firm to your ſcratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye fields-men look ſharp, leſt your pains ye beguile,
Move cloſe like an army, in rank and in file:
When the ball is return'd, back it ſure, for I trow,
Whole ſtates have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

The ſport is now o'er, lo victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus, and fame ſpreads her wings;

Let

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Let us now hail our champions, all ſteady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er ſung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Buck, Curry, and Hogsfleſh, and Barber, and Brett,
Whoſe ſwiftneſs in bowling was ne'er equal'd yet,
I had almoſt forgot, (they deſerve a large bumper)
Little George the long Stop, and Tom Suter the Stumper,

Then why ſhould we fear either Sackville or Mann?
Or repine at the loſs both of Bayton and Lan?
With ſuch troops as theſe, we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Minchin, and Miller, and Lumpy, and Frame.

Then fill up your glaſs, he's the beſt who drinks moſt,
Here's the Hambleton Club---who refuſes the toaſt?
Let us join in the praiſe of the bat and the wicket,
And ſing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

And when the game's o'er, and our fate ſhall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket like others muſt die;)
Our bats we'll reſign, neither troubled nor vext,
And give up our wickets to thoſe that come next.
Derry Down, &c.

On

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On seeing Mr. GARRICK *in Don John, and his age in the public Papers.*

NATURE her ſons of genius rare,
Thoſe matchleſs men we ſtyle divine,
Sometimes protects with partial care,
And long they live, and long they ſhine.

Laſt night confirmed I ſaw this truth,
When England's Roſcius played Don John,
With all th' activity of youth,
With all the fire of twenty-one.

Yet time with rigour turns his glaſs,
And men, and empires are no more;
Garrick by him is doom'd to paſs
The bourn his Shakeſpeare paſſed before.

Then let the generous youth, too warm
To read the ſermon's gloomy page,
Whom Shakeſpeare's nobler ethics charm,
And all the magic of the ſtage.

Yet

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Yet knows not our firſt actor's powers---
Let him lay hold on fleeting time;
A tranſient privilege is ours;
We yet ſee Garrick in his prime.

Capricious man! we oft neglect
The good we can with eaſe acquire;
Too late our folly recollect,
And ſigh, and pine with vain deſire.

Fancy our judgment ſtill miſleads---
The hero muſt reſign his breath
Before we juſtly prize his deeds;
His fame is ratified by death.

The poet's bays are in full bloom,
When he no more enjoys the light;
Nought, like the verdict of his tomb,
Proves how divinely he could write.

I, too, adopt, like other men,
All this extravagance of thought:
What would I give to touch a pen,
With which my favourite Dryden wrote!

How ſtrongly ſuch attractions draw!
Tully thro' brambles urged his way,
To viſit, with religious awe,
The grave where Archimedes lay.

Thus,

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Thus, in that venerable fane,
Where monarchs, heroes, bards repoſe,
When the ſtrong monumental ſtrain
Thy talents, Garrick, faintly ſhows:

Should one who has thy friendſhip, live,
With ſtreaming eye the verſe to ſee,
To him thy ſhade a wreath would give,
Thy glory would reflect on me.

And envy's lies I'd then defeat;
The poet's monument I'd raiſe;
I'd ſing thy virtues, and complete
The epitaph's deficient praiſe;

Thy zeal for every liberal art,
To miſery's tale thy liſtening ear---
I'd paint thee, through life's arduous part,
As great in GARRICK as in LEAR.

May 21. 1775

By the Rev. P. Stockdale.

Elegy

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Elegy on the death of Lord LYTTLETON. *A. D.* 1773.

O Yet a moment to the penſive tale,
Of real grief, attend the muſe's lyre,
As wayward muſing near yon' loneſome vale,
A youth attempts to catch poetic fire!
Not the loud trump of verſe in pompous ſtrain,
Does he invite to ſound in flattery's ear,
But longs with Merit's ſons to join the train,
Fearful, yet not averſe that they ſhould hear.
Such was the man---each ſon of ſcience tell,
(The guardian of our liberty and laws)
For ye attentive mark'd his ſteps full well,
And knew him earneſt in Britannia's cauſe.

Can we forget, my friend, the hiſtorick page *
What uſeful leſſons to mankind he read?
View'd life attentive thro' its every ſtage,
† And read thoſe lectures from the ſilent dead.

* Hiſtory of Henry the Second.

† Dialogues of the Dead.

How

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How ſweetly plaintive near yon' ſacred groves,
Where Loves, and Graces, and the Muſes dwell,
He ſooth'd the gentle hours, and ſung the loves,
* Of hapleſs Lucy in his hallow'd cell!

For ſure fair Hymen's torch was light by him
At Virtue's altar with a ſacred blaze;
Not like our modern rakes devote to whim,
Or dire ambition's falſe alluring rays.

Some holy ſeraph touch'd his lips with fire,
† When Paul's converſion was the ſacred theme;
From heav'n the light did oft his page inſpire,
O bleſſed Jeſu! to adore thy name.

How oft with Pope the ſons of ſcience fought
Their kindred genius in his ſacred bower,
Where Lyttelton, reclin'd in ſtretch of thought,
Ey'd nature's works upheld by heavenly power!

To raiſe poor merit from his lowly cell,
And cheer his heart from penury ſet free;
Oh! canſt thou blame, O Woodhouſe, if I tell,
That Lyttelton, kind friend, did this for thee?
The boon I aſk not from a feeling breaſt,
Like thine, ſo warm'd when gratitude inſpires;
A great good man ſaw me, like thee oppreſs'd,
And warm'd the muſe with more than wonted fires.

* Monody on the death of his Lady.
† Obſervations on the Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul.

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Of this no more.---When delicacy hints
The force of friendſhip in the mournful tale,
How apt is youth to ſpoil the trueſt tints,
And youthful ardours o'er the ſenſe prevail!

Mankind the theme: how various is our lot!
What ſharp afflictions wait upon our life!
How often by our deareſt friends forgot,
Our boſom friends, the father, ſon, or wife!
Smit with the thought, I feel the deepeſt woe;
By all the tears of friendſhip may I tell:---
On virtue's cheek I find the warmeſt glow,
To think it came from one he lov'd ſo well.
Oh! oft as muſing near theſe ſacred bowers,
Recall, vain wanderer! thy ambitious plan;
Nor idly chaſe away the precious hours:
O L———n, be virtuous, be a man.

How melancholy ſilent are theſe groves!
And from the plain each Hamadryad's fled!
The ſwain in thoughtful mood now devious roves,
With folded arms laments his maſter dead.
* Or, to yon moſs-clad cott, directs his way,
To give to penſive muſing greater ſcope;
Reflects the globe itſelf ſhall melt away,
And to his ſoul recalls this holy hope;

* Hermit's Cell.

That

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That when the trump is echo'd thro' the ſky,
And to theſe bones, new life my God ſhall give;
That bliſful news he hopes to hear from high,
" Thy ſoul ſecur'd, O Lyttelton, ſhall live."

'Twas the great ſtrength of thy capacious mind,
O Lyttelton, thy Saviour to admire,
And thoughts ſo great, exalted, and refin'd,
Thou taught'ſt ſymphonious to the muſe's lyre.
O, as reclining from yon lucid ſphere,
Receive theſe mournful accents o'er thy hearſe;
Deign to accept the tribute of a tear,
'Tis the ſmall tribute of a grateful verſe.

EPITAPH.

By worth invited fix thy wand'ring eye,
With ſacred awe, deign trav'ller here to tread,
Nor paſs by genius' grave unheedfully,
But oh, reflect that Lyttleton is dead.

PHILANDER.

M-

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IMPROMPTU

On the Marriage of Mr. Long to Miſs Broad.

By T. VAUGHAN.

WELL, what ſhall we ſay to this marriage ſo odd?
For many old Hymen has pickled a rod:
But he ſmiles on this wedding, which cannot be wrong,
When 'tis Long as 'tis Broad, and Broad as 'tis Long.

On Mr. WILKES *and Lord* T-- *being ſworn in together in the Commons Houſe.*

WHEN Wilkes and Lord T--- firſt met in the Houſe,
Jack look'd like a bull, and my Lord like a mouſe:
And tho' 'fore the Speaker they both came to ſwear,
His Lordſhip could hardly get on for his fear;
For ſo well he remembered the time and the place,
That Bagſhot and Piſtol he ſaw in his face.

N.

Verſes

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Verſes written by a Lady under a Picture in the Temple of Dido, at Stowe, in a ſtorm, to which ſhe and ſome other Ladies were expoſed, by being very politely ſhewn out of the houſe during the rain.

ONCE more, dear Dido, you afford retreat,
And give to Wanderers a welcome ſeat.
Expell'd from Cobham's gilded roofs we come,
'Midſt ſtorms of rain, and now deplore our home.
The ſky's o'ercaſt, and all its gloom around,
With thee alone is refuges to be found,
Though temples croud th' inhoſpitable ground.
But modern temples differ from the old,
For here protection muſt be bought and ſold.
Ah, how unlike that hoſpitable grove,
Where fam'd Æneas firſt did meet thy love?
The fiery element did him purſue,
The wat'ry element ſent us to you;
Juſt emblem of our fate,, for we are told,
That warm was his reception---ours is cold.
But ſay, in this ſame dank and dreary cell,
Can the warm paſſions of a Dido dwell?
Ah no! that lifeleſs picture plain doth ſhow,
That love and Dido long have fled from Stowe.

To

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To Miſs M. of EDINBURGH.

GO, leaf, and tell Murilla fair
Her Strephon pines---he dies!--
In ſighs diſcloſe his latent care,
Weep, and affect her eyes.

When firſt I ſaw her beauty's ray,
Ah, me! that peerleſs ſhone!
Gazing! ſhe ſmil'd my ſoul away,
And made it all her own.

I look'd, I lov'd. Ah! heedleſs ſwain,
To love a nymph ſo fair;
The moment I confeſs'd her chain,
I ſicken'd with deſpair.

Ah! tell her too, now Strephon lies,
Beſide a purling ſtream;
The breeze increaſes with his ſighs,
His tears---the ſtream with them.

Tell her what pity's ſelf would ſay,
Had ſhe the maid to move;
Tell her my pain the ſofteſt way,
And melt her ſoul to love.

Oh

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Oh! happy leaf, oh! gentle maid,
I ſee the torrent ſtart!
Upon her cheek the roſes fade,
And pity thaws her heart.

Propitious thought! glad joys ſweet ſpring,
Tranſporting turn of mind!---
Murilla's kind——the vallies ring;
Each hill---Murilla's kind.

Sad, ſad miſtake!—why? ſiſter's why?
My thread delay to break?
Reſentment dews Murilla's eye,
And preys upon her cheek.

'Tis done—I faint—ah! yet be bleſt,
Supremely as ſhe's fair!
The maid who fires my raviſh'd breaſt—
Yet kills me with deſpair.

H. B.

The

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To Miſs LOUISA BELVILLE.

TRACE not for ſplendor yonder ſtarry ſkies;
Brighter the glories of Louiſa's eyes,
Her looks add luſtre to meridian day,
Her beauty foils the golden pride of May.
Fragrant as blooming ſpring, and ſtrong as light,
She pours full tranſport on the raviſh'd ſight,
More raptures found within her circling arms,
Than beauty's queen could give with all her charms.

If, before Troy, with beauty's queen engag'd,
In burniſh'd ſteel, while the gor'd battle rag'd,
The goddeſs had exerted half ſuch charms,
The wond'ring Greek had dropp'd his poliſhed arms,
The breaſt divine had then eſcap'd from wound,
And he his fate inſtead of conqueſt found.

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Verſes from a Lady, dying of a conſumption at Bath, to her huſband in London.*

THOU who doſt all my worldly thought employ,
Thou pleaſing ſource of all my worldly joy;
Thou tendereſt huſband, and thou trueſt friend!
To thee this fond, this laſt adieu I ſend.
Since that all-conqu'ring death aſſerts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy ſight,
He wooes me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face.
At length the joys of heav'n he ſets in view,
And ſhews that no terreſtrial joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet reſiſt his pow'r;
And yet awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings the mournful image to my eyes,
And would obſtruct my journey to the ſkies.
But ſay, thou deareſt, thou unwearied friend!
Say, ſhouldſt thou grieve to ſee my ſorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful pilgrimage I've paſt;
And ſhould'ſt thou mourn that reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy ever faithful wife.

* Daughter to Dr. Welwood, and wife to Capt. Moleſworth.

A NEW

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A NEW BALLAD.

OH, Bath, it is a fine town, it has a great Recorder,
Who jigs about from room to room to keep us all in order;*
Decrees he formerly ſent forth to lay men by the heels,
Alas! that power now is loſt, for he has loſt the ſeals.
Oh, Bath, it is a fine town, it is a gallant city;
Proprietors will not give way to ſuch a mix'd committee,

Shall limping Lords and Bully Tom direct the upper town?
Shall they ſet up a king of ſtraw, and ſhan't we pull him down?
Great Captain Wade, in all your life you ne'er did ſuch a folly,
To quarrel with your neighbours round, with whom you might be jolly.

* N. B. Lord C---d---n's party ſay his Lordſhip will get an Act of Parliament to oblige the proprietors of the new rooms to enter into partnerſhip with the keeper of the old ones, but this is not to take place till after next election, when his ſon is to be member for Bath, to gain which point, a truly reſpectable character is deſcending very low indeed.

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For Bath it is a fine place, and fill'd with beggars ſtout;
No paſſage birds can keep you in, if they will have you out.
Now call together all your troop, thoſe men of high renown,
Who make themſelves of conſequence, by wandering up and down.
Beau Tr-v-l ſee, juſt one remove from counter and from meaſure,
Surveys the ladies one by one, and courts them at his leiſure,
Oh, Bath, it is a fine place, it is a gallant city,
Where every fool who ſtruts and prates, may be accounted witty.

G-mb-r ſteps forth, that man of war, and ladies admiration,
Conſolidate, he cries aloud, 'tis to ſupport the nation.
I like the thought, ſays B-nb-ry, in all things let us join,
Not e'en refuſe our wives to lend, I'll freely part with mine.
Oh, Bath, it is a fine place, and it was wond'rous quiet,
'Till general warrants iſſued forth, and C-md-n made a riot.

The

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The encloſed lines were tranſcribed from the original, in the hand-writing of Mr. Pope. They were added after the preſent concluſion of his addreſs to Miſs M. B. on her leaving town. "As ſome fond virgin, &c."

IN this ſtrange town a different courſe we take,
Refine ourſelves to ſpirit, for your ſake.
For want of you, we ſpend our random wit on
The firſt we find with Needham, Brooks, or Briton.
Hackney'd in ſin, we beat about the town,
And like ſure ſpaniels, at firſt ſcent lie down.
Were virtue's ſelf in ſilks,—faith keep away!
Or virtue's virtue ſcarce would laſt a day.
Thus, Madam, moſt men talk, and ſome men do:
The reſt is told you in a line or two.
Some ſtrangely wonder you're not fond to marry—
A double jeſt ſtill pleaſes ſweet Sir Harry——
Small-pox is rife, and *Gay* in dreadful fear—
The good prieſts whiſper—Where's the Chevalier?
Much in your abſence B—'s heart endures,
And if poor *Pope* is cl*pt, the fault is yours.

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To ——— F—tz—d, Esq.

Veluti in Speculum.

TWO sturdy mastiffs (and the tale's well known)
Met lately in contention for a bone.
A woman is a bone, (or Moses fibs,
And matrons should not claim the name of ribs.)
The combatants grin horribly, and gnar,
Each, fierce and valiant, threatens desp'rate war.
Perchance a cur, (the perfect of the kind
That guards the village cot, or leads the blind,
So slim, so sleek, his coat without a speck,
The fancied collar round his snowy neck,
With locket pendant, tho' you call him, Sir,
A cur he is, a maccaroni cur)—
Beholds the bone, the tempting prize, and stops;
His eyes how ravish'd! how he licks his chops!
The sable mastiff next attracts his eyes,
Pert views the happy dog to gain the prize,
An easy prize from t'other mastiff won,
Not so, cries he, from fortune's happier son.

Then

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Then rais'd a hideous yelp, that fill'd the place,
When lo! a hundred of the yelping race
Obey the well-known call, now bolder grown,
The cur deems vict'ry and the prize his own,
Prepares for battle, and aſſails the foe,
But wiſely in the rear, above, below;
'Till by the noiſe offended, not the pain,
The maſtiff turns, and views him with diſdain,
Then rais'd his leg, and moſt profuſely ſhed
A briny ſhower of vengeance on his head.
His comrades, (for where dogs have been before,
The proverb teaches, dogs will ſtill give more)
Each with uplifted leg, increas'd the flood,
'Till Pert, half-drown'd, half-ſuffocated ſtood,
And with a diſmal howl, the puppy cried,
Ah me! and then bep—d himſelf and died.

The SEA-VOYAGE. *A* SONG.

To the Tune of A Cobler there was, &c.

PRAY which of the Nine ſhall I humbly invoke?
To aid a ſad ſtory convey'd in a joke?
Thalia's a laſs, who ſuch humour ſupplies,
She'll make you to laugh with the tears in your eyes.
Derry down, &c.

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To make the tale ſhort, leſt you think it prolix,
On July the ſeventeenth, fifty and ſix,
Mac-Culloch ſet ſail in the packet of Cheſter,
Good lack! had you ſeen her, your heart would have bleſs'd her.

But oh! what a medley was there beſides ſailors,
Of actors, and ſingers, and poets and taylors,
Two hundred ſpalpeens, who to Venus were martyrs;
With the itch in their fingers and lice in their quarters.

The packet in haſte to Beaumauris was veering,
When lo! a large ſhip to our veſſel was ſteering;
But ſoon as to view a white head did appear,
Odzooks, they all cry'd, 'tis a French privateer.

This terrible ſhip with her ſtreamers all waving,
Stopt half a league diſtant, the poor packet braving,
Which ſteering away to avoid ſuch trappanners,
Bounce! went a twelve pounder, to teach her good manners.

Ventidious, who oft on the Smock-alley ſtage,
Had ranted and bluſtered through many a page,
The hero forgetting, to ſave his long neck,
Threw up both his heels, and fell flat on the deck.

The crew with a panic were ſtruck one and all,
When this riſing hero receiv'd ſuch a fall;
They counſell'd the captain without more ado,
To down with his top-ſail and bring the ſhip to.

Grave

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Grave Cimberton, truſty caſhier to the play-houſe,
Said, zounds! 'tis a ſhame that the French ſhould diſmay us;
But when the report of the gun ſtruck his ear,
He outwardly ſmil'd to conceal inward fear.

The Dublin Vandyke ſoftly crept to the ſteerage,
His paleneſs diſcover'd his ill-painted courage;
He hated the French and their naval purſuits,
And piſs'd till it ran to the ſoles of his boots.

'Tis ſtrange when an honeſt man deals in deceit,
His money lay under the ſoles of his feet,
'Twas as ſafe to lie there as if hid in a hole,
For he knew that his toes could not finger the eole.

If they board us, ſays Polly, I'll ſing them a ſong,
Says Lucy, Pray hold your ridiculous tongue;
Our voyage is weſtward, you'll ſoon wiſh it ſouth;
For they'll quick make you ſing the wrong ſide of your mouth.

But the ſhip which had thrown us all into ſuch terror,
Stood aloof now as if ſhe had found out her error,
Such a cargo ſhe ſcorn'd to carry to France, ſirs,
As actors, and taylors, and fiddlers, and dancers.

Crochetto was there, who by muſical querk
Sets fingers, and pipers, and fiddlers to work:
The wind from north-eaſt gave a terrible ſquall,
Which ſcar'd all the paſſengers, captain and all.

One

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One ſide of the ſhip the ſalt-water was drinking,
The people cry'd out, the ſhip is now ſinking;
But Crochetto perceiving her make ſuch a trip,
Puſh'd hard t'other ſide, for to ballance the ſhip.

Ye mortals, who careleſsly ſit at your eaſe,
While others are toſs'd on the perilous ſeas,
You are better at home in a great elbow chair,
Than rowling about between hope and deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

A NEW SONG.

To the plaintive tune of Hoſier's Ghoſt.

I.

AS near beauteous Boſton lying,
On the gently ſwelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying
Three ill-fated tea ſhips rode.

II.

Juſt as glorious Sol was ſetting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

III.

Arm'd with hammer, ax, and chiſſels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage freighted veſſels
They approach'd with dreadful ſpeed.

O'er

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IV.

O'er their heads aloft in mid ſky,
Three bright angel forms were ſeen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

V.

"Soon (they cry'd) your foes you'll baniſh,
"Soon the triumph ſhall be won:
"Scarce ſhall ſetting Phœbus vaniſh,
"Ere the deathleſs deed be done."

VI.

Quick as thought the ſhips were boarded,
Hatches burſt and cheſts diſplay'd;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious craſh they made!

VII.

Squaſh into the deep deſcended
Curſed weed of China's coaſt——
Thus at once our fears were ended:
Britiſh rights ſhall ne'er be loſt.

VIII.

Captains! once more hoiſt your ſtreamers,
Spread your ſails and plow the wave!
Tell your maſters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

BRITANNO AMERICANUS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1. 1774.

The

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To the Hon. CHARLES HAZARD, *Esq. one of the faithful Lords of the Treasury,*

An extempore Sketch.

IF to a Statesman you aspire,
Or have an eye to something high'r,
Be this your Plan; nor think I jest;
Experience shows—*probatum est.*
Learn of thy Father, Charles, to score;
Of pious S———h learn to wh——;
To drink, sing Catches, or impeach,
* Or call our Saviour's Mother————;
Next learn to kill without Offence,
And with all Justice to dispense;
From W—ym—th, or from M—sf—d these,
Or any other Wretch you please.
Next to assume the Church's Weal,
And, in Religion, Vices heal,
† Espouse my Lord A————p's Zeal.

* Vid. Notes on the Essay on Woman.
† Particularly shown on a late matrimonial Enquiry.

From

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From W—dd---ne, the Quirks of Law,
Either to mend or find a Flaw;
From N--rt---n Impudence of Face;
From Edmund, Eloquence and Grace;
From Cl---ve that ſubtlety of Wit,
To make each Culprit-Indian--white;
For Rectitude in Word and Deed,
From N---th, or C---leb---ke you'll ſucceed;
From T---bl--t, you may take the Hint,
Of ſaving, but there's nothing in't;
It pleaſes well enough the K---g,
And that you know's the very Thing;
For what has Premier elſe to care,
Than pleaſe his Maſter to a Hair?
Theſe Hints obſerv'd, you'll find agree
To make a Stateſman to a T;
And ways may then be eaſy found,
For Twenty Shillings in the Pound;
For Miniſters have e'er been known
(From earlieſt Times to theſe our own)
To ſhare th' Exchequer with the Crown.

.V. w. x. y. z.

The

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The MONK *and* JEW.

A TALE.

TO make new Converts truly bleſt,
A Recipe---*Probatum eſt.*
Stern Winter, clad in Froſt and Snow,
Had now forbad the Streams to flow;
And ſkaiting Peaſants ſwiftly glide,
Like Swallows, o'er the ſlippery Tide;
When Mordecai (upon whoſe Face
The Synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune, with Smiles deceitful, bore
To a curſt Hole, but late ſkim'd o'er;
Down plumps the Jew, but in a Trice
Riſing, he caught the friendly Ice.
He gaſp'd; he yell'd a hideous Cry;
No friendly Hand, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk who quickly ran,
To ſnatch from Death the drowning Man.
But when the Holy Father ſaw
A Limb of the Moſaic Law,

His

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His Hand out-ſtretch'd he quick withdrew.
" For Heaven's ſake help, " exclaims the Jew.
Turn Chriſtian firſt, the Father cries.
" I'm froze to Death," the Jew replies,
Froze! quoth the Monk, too ſoon you'll know
There's Fire enough for Jews below:
Renounce your unbelieving Crew,
And Help is near,---" I do---I do."
Damn all your Brethren, great and ſmall.
" With all my Heart,—Oh damn them all!
" Now help me out. "—There's ſomething more;
Salute this Croſs, and Chriſt adore.
" There, there,---I Chriſt adore. "---'Tis well,
Thus arm'd, Defiance bid to Hell.
And yet another Thing remains
To gaurd againſt eternal Pains:
Do you our Papal Father hold
Heaven's Vicar, and believe all told
By Holy Church?—" I do, by G--d;
" One Moment more I'm food for Cod.
" Drag, drag, me out---I freeze,---I die!"
Your peace my Friend, is made on high.
Full Abſolution here I give;
St. Peter will your Soul receive.
Waſh'd clean from ſin and duly ſhriven,
New Converts always go to Heav'n.
No Hour for Death ſo fit as this;
Thus, thus, I launch you into Bliſs.

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So ſaid, the Father in a Trice
His Convert thruſt beneath the Ice.

To Mr. GARRICK.

On the Report of his leaving the Stage.

WHEN---rarely now to public Eyes confeſt---
The Son of Shakeſpeare beams on Garrick's Breaſt,
To circling Crowds he deals the electric Fire,
As Joy or Grief, as Love or Rage, inſpire.
Such Storms of Mirth once eaſy Pritchard rais'd;
Such watry Eyes on melting Cibber gaz'd;---
But ah! their Chaplets fade beneath the Tomb,---
On Garrick's Head may Wreaths more laſting bloom!

But ſay, ſhall Fame declare while Shakeſpeare dies,
His old Confed'rate, England's Roſcius, flies?
Sees Smith inter his Lovers' cold Remains,
And ſavage Macklin hang his King in Chains?
Nature's plain Dreſs, far off lets Reddiſh fling,
And lead her forth a prim, patch'd, powder'd Thing?

Shall equal wrong attend his publiſh'd Lays
Where Critic Ivy choaks Poetic Bays?

His

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His obvious Senſe, ſhall Warburton refine,
And Hammer ſmooth each nobly rugged Line?
His Language Tibbald, vamp with faithleſs Art,
And Upton's Learning freeze his plaſtic heart?
Shall final ruin Johnſon, Stevens, bring,
Who clog with Notes, of Lead, his active Wing;
While preſs'd he ſinks, and but ſurvives to tell
That Sexton Capel tolls his paſſing Bell.

Garrick! 'tis thine his ſuff'ring Worth to ſhield,
Beſtride the vanquiſh'd, and regain the Field;
One meaning Glance of Eyes like thine, can ſhow
What lab'ring Critics boaſt in vain to know.
Once more let Cawdor graſp his midnight Steel,
And John his Wiſh half utter, half conceal;
In Death's ſad Hour bid gay Mercutio ſmile,
Or ſportive Philip Auſtria's Calf reviſe;
Elſe, idly ſculptur'd, Hampden's God appears
A Boaſt of Wealth, a ſight for gaping Peers?
For while thy Tongue deſerts his friendleſs ſtrain,
Thy gen'rous Hand has rear'd his ſhrine in vain.

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On ſeeing Miſs LANCE *interred in Canterbury Cathedral, Feb.* 27.

REASON may ſooth, but ſtrives in vain to heal
The Pang which Siſters, Friends, and Parents feel,
When thus the Fair, the Young, their Joy, their Truſt,
Eludes their graſp, and moulders in the Duſt.
Faith, Faith alone thoſe Balſams can ſupply,
That Faith which tells us we ſhall never die;
Which tells us, Death his conqueſts ſhall reſtore,
And all the Juſt ſhall meet to part no more.

EPITAPH *on the late* Dr. NUGENT, *of Gray's Inn.*

---" Though learn'd, not vain,
" Laborious, yet chearful."---

GOOD Senſe confin'd his narrow View,
Tho' ſmall his *Means*, his *Wants* were few:
Three things he lov'd unto his End,
His Pipe, his Bottle, and his Friend.

E. P.

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On Butler's monument, perhaps by Mr. Pope; who in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakeſpeare in Weſtminſter-Abbey, has ſufficiently ſhewn his contempt of *Alderman Barber*, by the following couplet, which is ſubſtituted in the place of "The cloud-capt Towers, &c."

"Thus Britain lov'd me, and preſerv'd my fame,
"Clear from a *Barber's* or a *Benſon's* name."

A. Pope.

Pope might probably have ſuppreſſed his ſatire on the Alderman, becauſe he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correſpondents; tho' in the 4th book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous ſtroke at him.

"So by each bard, an Alderman ſhall ſit,
"A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit."
Reſpect to Dryden Sheffield juſtly paid,
And noble Villars honour'd Cowley's ſhade:
But whence this *Barber?* that a name ſo mean
Should join'd with *Butler's*, on a tomb be ſeen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler *Settle's* name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

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THE following epitaph is tranſmitted from Barnſtaple, in Devon, where Miſs Burton, to whoſe memory it is written, died November the 2d, 1771.

Underneath
The library of this church
Reſteth
Until the Archangel's trump
Shall ſummon her to appear
On an immortal ſtage,
The body of
ELIZABETH BURTON, Comedian;
Formerly of Drury-Lane,
But late of the Exeter theatre;
Who exchanged time for eternity
On All Souls day, 1771,
Aged 20 years.
Life's but a walking ſhadow,
A poor player,
Who ſtruts its hour or two upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.
This ſmall tribute,
To the memory of

An

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An amiable young woman,
An innocent chearful companion,
And moſt excellent actreſs,
Was placed here by J. FOOTE,
Manager of the theatre.

LEANDER TO HERO.

By CAPT. THOMPSON,

AH gentle Hero, little doſt thou prove
The pain of abſence—and an anxious love:
Ah may'ſt thou, beauty, never be diſtreſt,
Nor feel the pangs in poor Leander's breaſt!
Can'ſt thou ſo thoughtleſs of my welfare be,
To roam with ev'ry nymph—nor think of me?
To flirt with ev'ry ſwain—appointments make,
And only make appointments for to break?
Haſt thou forgot when from this lengthen'd ſtrand,
I've ſwam to kiſs thy lips and lily-hand?
Haſt thou forgot the dangers I have prov'd,
And wiſh'd them more—to be the more belov'd?
Haſt thou forgot the pureneſs of my flame?
Is lovely Hero an inconſtant dame?

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Or has, delighting charmer, ſome new ſwain,
More young, more handſome, more alert, more vain,
Said ſofter things in lovely Hero's ear?
Alas, I freeze—alas, alas, I fear,
Well, be it ſo—and be my love untrue,
I'll love her while the ſkies are deck'd with blue.
I'll doat upon her beauties and her parts;
Point to her mind—the fate of fickle hearts,
And by a ſteady paſſion juſtly prove,
That to be happy is to truly love.
Think, gentle beauty, empreſs of my mind,
How we have lov'd—and now to prove unkind,
Proves ladies paſſions changeable as wind.
Curs'd may he be who has diſturb'd my peace,
And with his years may all his ills encreaſe!
But bleſs ſweet Hero—with all human joy;
And when you're ſmiling on the ſwarthy boy,
Beſtow on me one thought---one pitying ſigh,
Nor Hero---quite forget our former tie!
When you have ſworn upon my faithful breaſt,
(And to my panting heart your heart I've preſt)
No ſwain your ſteady-doating ſoul ſhould move;
But to forget is eaſier than to love.
This to the fickle winds and waves I truſt,
The ſtriking emblems of ſuch fickle duſt;

And

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And if their great good nature waft it o'er,
To that ſweet paradiſe, my Hero's ſhore,
I'll never ſtigmatize the faithleſs wind,
But ſwear it's conſtant---and that you're unkind.

LEANDER.

To her who knows it to be deſigned for her.

GUARDED by all that's mean, old, ugly, evil,
By ſervants, aunts, ſtale virgins, and the devil,
Who watch, from far, the hobbling poſt's approach,
And hunt each bandbox from the London coach;
How ſhall this notice reach thy generous hand?
How 'ſcape the ravage of their hoſtile band?

While theſe my letters to thy ſight refuſe,
Their curious natures ſtill demand---the news;
Contented there through tales of blood they rove,
But turn abhorrent from a page of love---
Come then, St. James! once aid a harmleſs plot,
For once deſerve the name of---honeſt Scot!
'Tis piddling work, nor worthy thee, I own,
For our rebellion ſtrikes not at a throne.

One,

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One,---two;---the poſt arrives, the paper's dry'd,
Quick crowd the hearers to the reader's ſide;
Her pale, ſharp noſe, her ſpectacles aſcend,
Her cats, ſweet rivals of her voice, attend:
A patent lozenge ſtills her barking cough,
And then drawls on the tedious female ſoph.

And now, old hag of threeſcore years and three,
Be blind to raptures never felt for thee;
Ne'er read of eyes that ſpeak, or hopes that glow,
Or ſigh for bleſſings thou muſt never know;
But clip thy corns, the chaplain's fat upbraid,
Scold callows nurſe, and pinch thy humble maid!

At length, with thoughts from hated objects clear,
My ſoften'd verſe, Euphraſia, greets thine ear;
It whiſpers now that all's prepar'd for flight,
And freedom ſmiles on Monday's conſcious night.
Soon as the clock that ſhakes the poſtern tow'r
With twelve ſhrill notes proclaims th' eventful hour,
North of the church, where, near the beechen glade,
The moſs-grown belfry yields a friendly ſhade,
(A place, no window's treach'rous height can view,
Should rattling wheels awake the venal crew)
There, ſcreen'd with boughs, the guarded chaiſe ſhall p
Nor moon beems glitter on its poliſh'd glaſs;——
Aſide that ſpot, where oft, by duty led,
Thou view'ſt a tomb that holds a parent dead,

(Wh

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(Whoſe gentle ſhade, from diſtant ſkies will ſay,
"Go on, and angels ſpeed my daughter's way!")
I'll meet thy ſteps;---and when a lover's care
Has ſooth'd the terrors of my anxious fair,
Far thence we'll ſeek the prieſt, our hands to join,
And ſeal our paſſport to Cythera's ſhrine.

Yet, ere the hour of trembling bliſs arrive,
From that ſoft breaſt each dark ſuſpicion drive;
For know, from avarice, as from falſehood free,
Thy wealth, tho' boundleſs, had no charms for me;
'Tis true, for this, thy ſteps yon walls encloſe,
And ſpies, for this, attend thy night's repoſe;
For this alone my ſplendid rival pants;
And this, alone, adore thy pious aunts:—
Wealth, wealth enſlav'd thee;—but for ſordid ore,
Diſtreſs'd Euphraſia had been free, tho' poor.——
Yet wherefore curſe it? wherefore now complain?
The wealth that forg'd, aſſiſts to break the chain,

Farewell! and think, (for ſoon theſe haſty lines
A nameleſs hand to Baldwin's care reſigns)
Thou next ſhalt own me (would the doubt were paſt!)
Bleſt in thy bed, or ſtretch'd upon my laſt.—
Should wakeful malice ſpread th' accurſt alarm;
To ſtop our way ſhould drowſy ruſticks arm,
My friends deſpiſe the troop thy houſe affords,
Their cank'red muſquets, or their pointleſs ſwords:—

At

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At leaſt—the ground, where now thy mother lies,
Where laſting ſlumbers veil thy ſiſter's eyes,
And thouſands yet may drop their load of pains—
Shall aid our flight, or ſhroud my pale remains.

Aug. 3. 1775.

LAMBETH FERRY.

A new Song to an old Tune.

I.

YE church made macaronni beaux,
Who neither preach or bury,
With Parſon Horne and his French clothes,
Come croſs o'er Lambeth-ferry:
There you ſhall find that holy place
All rantum ſcantum merry,
The biſhop too with much leſs grace
Than John that plies the ferry.

II.

This was a Gothic ſtupid houſe,
With walls as thick as Ilion *,
The poor Lord Biſhop ſuch a mouſe,
He knew not a cotillon.

He

* This is to inform the clergy that Ilion was Troy, famous for her thick walls.

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He cram'd the pariſh then with prayer,
But now we're fill'd with cherry,
Come trim up now each face of care,
And croſs o'er Lambeth-ferry.

III.

Ye holy dogs, this is the place,
Where none need cuff the cuſhion,
Come here and ſhew each hot-punch face,
The pulpit you may puſh in.
This pulpit has no ſounding board,
The velvet yet will ſtir ye,
Where you may kneel with our good Lord,
By croſſing Lambeth-ferry,

IV.

We've maſquerades, and each gay thing,
And prizes in the lott'ry,
And now, in ſpite of Georgy * King,
He's chaplain to the Cot'rie.
We've articles too thirty-nine,
Which won't at all deter ye,
They're all mix'd up with Bourdeaux wine,
For thoſe who croſs the Ferry.

V.

This new church doctrine all admire,
Th' orthodox Savoir Vivre,
It frights ye not with flames of fire,
And nobody now will leave her.

Theſe

* This pious man is ſaid to have written a letter of advice to the gallant biſhop.

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These orders are the true bon-ton,
And such as will prefer ye,
Then quit your psalms, and sing this song,
And cross o'er Lambeth-ferry. E. T.

A NEW SONG.

To the Old Tune of "O my Kitten, my Kitten."

I.

O My Yankee, my Yankee,
And O my Yankee, my sweet-ee,
And was its nurse North asham'd
Because such a bantling hath beat-ee?
And did he pray think to o'erlay it,
Or please it with sugar in tea-dish;
Did Georgy, its naughty papa,
Think also to rob it of sea-fish?

CHORUS.

And here little Putnam goes up,
And here little Gagee goes down-ee,
Here we advance and retreat,
And all for the good of the crown-ee.

At

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II.

At Concord the baby firſt wak'd,
But there was no bubby or pap-pee;
And the child with the noiſe only quak'd,
So to Boſton it went for a nap-pee;
But there the ſweet babe had the pouts.
Nor could the four nurſes appeaſe it,
Or get it enough of clean clouts,
So much did theſe generals teaze it.
And here little Putnam, &c.

III.

To Charles-Town it next cry'd to go,
At ſomething it wanted to gaze-ee.
So, Putnam, to make it a ſhow,
The place he ſet all in a blaze-ee;
At laſt Madam Howe, its new nurſe,
Unable to dandle or pleaſe it,
Oft gave it a blow and a curſe,
And privately wiſh'd for to ſqueeze it.
And here little Putnam, &c.

IV.

But all could not huſh the poor child,
The gen'rals, their ladies, and wenches,
They all the ſweet bantling revil'd,
And threw it again in the trenches.

And

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And now good nurſe Putnam hath got it,
Who ſwears he will ever befriend it,
For nurſe Howe had moſt certainly ſhot it,
But he did moſt bravely defend it.
And here little Putnam, &c.

V.

And now the fair babe ſhall be nurs'd,
And cheriſh'd with all that is good-a,
And tho' by Dame North it is curs'd,
Yet Gagee ſhall not let it blood-a.
Let Georgy do all in his power,
It will not drink green or bohea-a,
The baby ſhall thrive ev'ry hour,
And America live and be free-a.
And here little Putnam, &c. E. T.

TOM AND BETSEY.

OF parts and learning—which the wiſe approve,
And feelings---ſuch as honour, truth, and love.
——So much for *Tom*, good Sirs; I now ſhall ſtate,
Some other facts well worth your kind debate:
Know then, there lives a maid, by Coke, 'tis true,
The faireſt of her ſex——the kindeſt too;
Dear lovely girl! good heav'n be thy guide,
Improve thy thoughts, and ſtill thy heart divide.

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O ſay, all ye! to whom her worth is known,
Is ſhe not ſweet as roſes newly blown?
Poſſeſt of charms which every eye admires,
And every breaſt at once with love inſpires?
O ſay!---but hold---'tis meet you now ſhould know,
For I this fact am well prepared to ſhow,
That friendly Tom by mighty love ſubdu'd,
Felt all his power, and long this damſel woo'd;
Still as he ſigh'd, and all her pity claim'd,
Increaſing beauties more his heart inflam'd?
But know withal, he play'd ſo juſt a part,
Which won at laſt,---at laſt, poor Betſey's heart.
---Good heav'ns! how fond a paſſion now they feel,
And felt, with equal truth, and equal zeal.
---Good heav'ns! what num'rous pleaſures might ſucceed
(But where's that hand to do the generous deed?)
Had Tom and Betſey---but an income clear,
From fifty, to five hundred pounds a-year!
Nor laws, nor caſes, do I mean to quote,
But worthy friends, *en paſſant*, pleaſe to note;
That tho' this pair, have ſouls by taſte refin'd,
And both to wedlock at this time inclin'd---
That tho' their breaſts with ſocial feelings glow,
Juſt in their bloom and ſtrangers yet to woe:
Yet all their hopes, for independant eaſe,
Reſts on their pow'r, ſome wayward friends to pleaſe;
And ſince thoſe friends on whom they both rely,
Oppoſe their bliſs---and every aid deny,

It

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It is from thence, alas! ſome doubts ariſe,
And meet to act as counſel may adviſe.
Grant then their hearts by gentle love are ty'd,
And grant they're bound by plighted faith beſide;
Yet loſt to friends, and loſt to fortune too,
What muſt in ſuch a caſe this couple do?
They pray you, Sirs, think you this pair ſhould wed,
And at all hazards run from *church* to *bed*?
At once thus putting ev'ry friend to proof,
And tho' they one and all ſhould ſtand aloof,
Still bleſt and bleſſing, live like man and wife,
And truſt to heaven for the means of life.—
Or ſay, what other meaſures ſhould they take,
Ah, Sirs! ſay this at leaſt for Betſey's ſake.

LEGULEIUS.

The PICTURE, an ODE to DELIA.

In imitation of Anacreon.——Εις την ἑαυτου ϛαϛιν.

ODE. 28.

COME, my Muſe, a Venus draw,
Not the ſame the Grecian ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought:

No

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No fantaſtick goddeſs mine,
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Come, my Muſe, in order bring,
On thy gaudy, colour'd wing,
All the glories of the ſpring;
Fetch me lillies, fetch me roſes,
Vi'lets, daiſies, cowſlips, poſes,
Of amaranthus, parrot pride,
Painted pinks, and what beſide,
Does th' embroider'd mead adorn,
In dewy eve, or grey-ey'd morn,
Where the fauns and ſatyrs play,
In the merry month of May.
Sketch her firſt from head to toe;
Not too tall, nor yet too low,
Fat ſhe muſt not be, nor lean,
Let her ſhape be ſtrait and clean;
Small her waiſt, and thence increaſt,
Gently ſwell her riſing breaſt.
Or, my Muſe, in order trace,
All the beauties of her face;
Paint her ſkin of ivory,
Jetty locks, and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and ſparkling eye.
Draw it ſparkling, black and bright,
(Light'ning flaſhes ſo by night)

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But beware the * wretch's fate,
Who dar'd light'ning imitate.
Fooliſh muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce the outlines are begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aſide:
'Tis no matter, Love replied,
At one ſtroke, behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd draught ſupply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew your picture in my heart.
D—k—g, Oct. 18 1773.

The LADY's LAP-DOG.

Written by an Officer in the Army at New-York, 1777.

ANIMAL belov'd and beauteous,
Happy fondling of the fair,
Well does thy example ſhew to us,
What a woman's fav'rites are—
Toying, trifling, pretty creature,
Form'd for idleneſs and eaſe;
Such, by ſympathy of nature,
Such as thee, will ever pleaſe.

Thou,

* Salmoneus, vid. Virg. Æn. 6. L. 585.

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Thou, on cuſhion ſoft reclining,
Always fed with dainty bits,
Snapping, ſnarling, wheedling, whining,
Rival'ſt beaux, and flatter'ſt wits.

While the dog of martial ſpirit,
Train'd to chace the mountain boar,
Truſting only to his merit,
Dirty cur's kick'd out o' door.

Thus the ſoldier, ſeeking glory,
Courting death in rude alarms,
Finds at home the uſual ſtory,
Some ſpruce fop in Chloe's arms.

Things like thee, by ſoft approaches,
Fawing, ſervile, ſupple arts,
Croud their toiletts, fill their coaches,
Things like thee poſſeſs their hearts.

SONG.

FLAVIA! why ſurmiſe a pow'r
Can with your charms hold equal ſway?
If e'er my heart the feſtive hour
Was with carouſive bumpers gay,

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Be witneſs, Cupid, conſcious boy,—
Of raptures real or in view,
How far more exquiſite the joy,
—To be alone with you!

If e'er a nymph at dear Vauxhall,
Could touch my ſenſes with alarm,—
If e'er at op'ra, play, or ball,
My heart confeſs'd a female charm,—
Be witneſs Cupid, &c.

If e'er in pleaſing reverie,
I meditate in am'rous ſtrain,
Or with the rural maids make free,
All wanton on the new-mow'n plain,—
Be witneſs Cupid, &c.

If e'er a dream of fancy's frame,
My thoughts did with delight employ,
If with a lover's ſanguine flame,
I e'er partook of genuine joy,——
Be witneſs, Cupid, conſcious boy,
Of raptures real, or in view,
How far more exquiſite the joy,
---To be alone with you!

HORATIO.

EPI-

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EPITAPH,

On Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS.*

By the late Mr. Gray.

HERE, foremoſt in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each muſe, each grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.
At Aix his voluntary ſword he drew,
There firſt in blood his infant-honour ſeal'd;
From fortune, pleaſure, ſcience, love, he flew,
And ſcorn'd repoſe when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breaſt,
Victor he ſtood on Belleiſle's rocky ſteeps——
Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the reſt,
Where melancholy friendſhip bends and weeps.

* This epitaph was written at the requeſt of Mr. Frederic Montagu, who intended to have inſcrib'd it on a monument at Belleiſle, at the ſiege of which this accompliſh'd youth was killed, 1761; but from ſome difficulty attending the erection of it, this deſign was not executed.

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A Sailor's Deſcription of the Maſquerade, as played before the King of Denmark to a crouded, motley audience, in the Hay-market.

By Capt. Thompson.

LITTLE Moll, faith, and I from Wapping came up,
To ſee the fine ſhew and the folks;
But for fear of miſtakes we thought beſt for to ſup,
For theſe courtiers have comical jokes.

When firſt we came in, I was maz'd to behold,
Night at once was all chang'd into day:
The folks ſeem'd to roll like a vaſt ſea of gold,
And the gall'ry ſtuff'd full like a play.

Little Moll dropt a-ſtern, being afraid to make ſail,
'Till I at her helm took a ſpell,
When whip in a trice ſhe ſteer'd up within hail,
Of the devil, juſt landed from hell.

Lord bleſs me, ſays ſhe, Ben! where have we got?
This company's too good for *we!*
Sure at home he was cold, and's come here to be hot,
For ſuch devils I never did ſee!

The

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The devil! ne'er mind---heave a-head, my dear girl,
And I'll ſhew you the King of the crew;
Each Duke, every Ducheſs---each Lady and Earl,
And when I bump--do you curts'y too!

Like a tragedy queen, when Moll ſaw the king,
Plump on her bare knees ſhe fell down:
But, by Neptune, I ſoon made her riſe with a ſpring,
And ſwore ſhe knew nought of the town.

We parted---and I, faith, who like to be ſmart,
Clapp'd on board of a ſhepherdeſs ſweet,
Who, with no other crook than her eyes, hook'd my heart,
As faſt as if preſt in the Fleet.

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)
At the rate of ten knots by the log:
But I ſoon found this king was no tar---but a youth:
For he burgundy gave us as grog.

This gay, little ſhepperdeſs, faith, was ſo ſmart,
She tow'd me from pillar to poſt,
Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,
And wreck'd on the maſquerade coaſt.

Mandarins and nabobs were as plenty as rice,
Jews, negroes, banyans, and what not;
There were characters purchas'd at ev'ry price,
Unleſs the raw, bra', letter'd Scot,

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In this ocean of pleaſure, egad there were tars,
Who ne'er paſt the buoy of the Nore;
There were ſoldiers, like * Hymen, who knew not of wars,
And domino fools by the ſcore.

There were pilgrims and quakers, blacks, witches, and nuns,
Minervas without ſenſe or tongue,
Who falter'd and liſp'd out ſome feminine puns:
"Do you know me?"---was all ſaid or ſung.

Grave conjurors too, who ne'er conjur'd before,
And harlequins, heavy as droſs;
Mild night too, who long ſhone the ſun of this ſhore,
But ſet in the fair Mrs. Roſs †.

Old wives were at once to dull gen'rals turn'd,
And § Tancred in ſorrowful ſtrain,
Wept Philip's wrongs---and then inſtantly burn'd,
For Diana from lewd Drury-lane.

There was ſupper they ſaid---we got nothing to eat;
Here a fort, there a tow'r, here St. Paul;
But all cramm'd, as at ſhort allowance of meat,
Gorging garriſons, gardens, and all.

By

* Perſonated by Mr. Horneck.

† Behold in character of night
All clad in dark array,
Fanny appears!---the thought how right!---
Fanny has had her day.

§ Old Muilman.

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By ſtrange kitchen alchymy every diſh,
Seem'd tranſmuted for Epicure Mammon;
There was fiſhified fleſh, and fleſhified fiſh,
A calf's head ſeem'd a fine jole of ſalmon.

When I thought I took one thing, another I got,
The French cook ſo well knew his trade,
That every thing look'd like what it was not,
And the diſhes were all maſquerade.

There were none loſt their wit, there were ſome loſt ſome ſweat,
In ſhort 'twas all Hebrew to me;
So my anchor I tript, with my kind little * Bet,
And paid Moll with a top-ſail at ſea.

To the memory of Miſs PEACH.

FAIR was the tree on which the bloſſom bloom'd,
So very ſweet, the garden it perfum'd---
When ripe, death ſaw the fruit within his reach,
And the fell monſter pluck'd the lovely PEACH.

E. T.
R E.

* Mrs. Powell---wife of the celebrated Tragedian.

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REPRISALS.

A POEM.

———Nec Lex eſt æquior ulla
Quam Necis Artifices perire ſuâ.

OVID.

O Heſter! they, by whom the ſhaft is thrown
At others fame, ſhould have ſecur'd their own.
Since you, your ſpite, with falſhood, or with truth,
Vent on the good, and bad, on age, and youth;
Religious Sarah juſtly may deride
The flights of youth, th' abſurdity of pride;
And her good ſiſter Belle may join her ſtrain,
And laſh the amorous, inſolent and vain:
Crookſhanks's life may grace the Chriſtian cauſe,
And Berwick's Guild may frame a code of laws:
Redpath may teach us how to grace a ball,
And riſe an angel at the muſic's call;
They who to finiſhed elegance aſpire,
All the fine art from Boram may acquire.

But

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But beauteous Heſter, thou attracting fair!
Might I the heav'nly bliſs unenvied ſhare
(Bliſs ſo divine, I never ſhould be cloy'd)
Which Campbell ſixteen years ago enjoy'd,
In warm Gibraltar's Cytherèan bowers,
Where airs Elyſian fann'd the roſeate hours;
In thee alone my happineſs I'd find,
And to no other object turn my mind;
No mortal ſhould my pointed ſatire prove,
No dagger would I draw but that of love.

ODE TO FASHION.

MOTLEY nymph, whoſe pow'r we own,
Say, where haſt thou fix'd thy throne?
Does its place Auguſta know,
Or Verſailles, or Fontainbleau?

Can the poet trace thy birth,
Searching round the ſpacious earth?
Say, is Taſte thy parent mild?
Does Pleaſure own thee for a child?

If the bard the muſe inſpire,
(And he boaſt of Phœbus' fire;)

Neither

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Neither Taſte nor Pleaſure claim
As the authors of thy name.

Still is thy real fire unknown——
But Fancy claims thee for her own.
Fancy, wanton ſtill and free,
Gives the ſtamp of worth to thee.

Nurs'd by her aid in magic bow'r,
Wond'rous is thy increaſing pow'r;
Till by her aid thy pigmy ſize,
Ev'n with the giant Reaſon vies.

Full oft he falls before thy ſtroke,
And Caution's ſhield by thee is broke;
Whilſt ſweet Variety attends,
Each mortal to thy empire bends.

Thine is a ſudden, momentary ray.
Thine a quick rolling ſtream that glides away,
Ev'n like the ſwiftly-paſſing, winged wind,
Still changing, ever reſtleſs, unconfin'd.

O magic nymph, ſupreme! then ſtill on thee,
And on thy hand-maid, dear Variety,
Shall all the gay, the glitt'ring tribe attend,
And lowly at thy ſhrine continual bend.

Then tho' from thee, and from thy motley reign,
Reaſon and wiſdom ſtill averſe remain,
Thou ſhalt unblam'd command our gen'ral voice,
And the *bon ton* ſhall vindicate our choice.

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To her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, in anſwer to all the abſurd and illiberal aſperſions caſt on the faſhionable feathers by churliſh old women, ridiculous prudes, and brutiſh cenſors.

WIT is a feather: this we all admit:
But ſure each feather in your cap is wit;
'Tis the beſt flight of genius—to improve
The ſmiles of beauty and the bliſs of love.
Like beams around the ſun your feathers ſhine,
And raiſe the ſplendor of your charms divine;
Such plumes the worth of mighty conqu'rors ſhow,
For who can conquer hearts ſo well as you?
When on your head I ſee thoſe flutt'ring things,
I think that Love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame;
Cupid has feathers; angels wear the ſame.
Since then from heav'n its origin we trace,
Preſerve the faſhion—it becomes your Grace.

CARLISLE.

On

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On MORTIMER's PAINTINGS.

THE fickle fops which range abroad,
From artiſt down to little lord,
To pick up ſenſe and taſte:
Between great London and great Rome,
Loſe all the good they learnt at home,
And ride for vice poſt haſte.

Home they return, with fopp'ries ſtor'd,
Mere artiſt ſtill, and ſtill mere lord,
With ſome peculiar coat,
Or ſome peculiar little hat,
To ſhrug, to kiſs, is all they've pat,
And both without a groat.

Name Engliſh painting, and they ſtare,
Declare it came from Rome, they ſwear
It's eaſy to be known;
Tho' Wormſley copied that ſweet piece,
And this old tale ſo fam'd in Greece,
By Mortimer was drawn.

Tell

Tell them again by whom they're done,
O! plainer than the noon-day ſun;
They cry, prodigious faint,
The men have genius, but, in ſhort,
To Rome, to Rome, they muſt reſort,
If they would wiſh to paint.

Thus mode makes fools,—millions I ſwear
Are muſic-mad without an ear,
View painting without eyes:
And yet they're connoiſſeurs forſooth,
Becauſe they know old age from youth,
Or fiſh from butterflies.

But Mortimer,—to Rome repair,
With conſcious pride; and ſhew 'em there,
What Engliſhmen can do.
The ſcene will change,—for here they'll come,
To ſtudy, and abandon Rome.
To copy greater you.

E. THOMPSON.

To

To ſome Oxford Ladies.

Βαρύλλῳ δι χοροῖσις
Ἐρωτα μωνον ἰχει. SAPPHO.

START not, ye fair! nor dread the poet's lyre,
Of ſenſe, of beauty, and of youth the friend;
No ſtupid tale to wound, ſhall here conſpire,
No rude pedantic monitor offend.

Inſpir'd by you, he ſtrikes the willing ſtrings,
To you alone the votive ſtrain is due;
Thoſe frowns each god beholds with awe, he ſings,
Thoſe ſmiles each god would quit his heav'n to view,

Hail, gentle W——! and gentler J—— hail!
Your happy lot muſt ever envy'd prove;
Reſume again the noſegay and the tail,
And Pæan chaunt to B—, and to love.

Reſcu'd from Time by her's and W—'s charms,
Thoſe roſes bloom in everlaſting ſpring;
That ſhock no more the bed-maker alarms,
Powder'd and queu'd, 'tis quite another thing.

Bleſt

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Bleſt were ye both, if, with the blooming flow'rs,
Fair youth in one would bloſſom ever gay,
If with his hair, in one the mental pow'rs,
Would, Sampſon-like, returning ſtrength diſplay.

Vain is the wiſh: fix luſtres' envious weight,
O W—! eclipſe the glories of thy face;
And twice fix luſtres on thy hoary pate,
Will never give thee, chuckle J—, Grace.

Ah! frown not, W—, on the ſportive bard,
Thoſe charms divine his every thought controul;
Still while thou frown'ſt thoſe charms he muſt regard,
And bleſs the cruel eyes that freeze his ſoul.

And thou, dear maid! whoſe ſweet enchanting ſmiles,
Thy mirthful youth and innocence declare;
Caught as he is in love's enſnaring toils,
Thoſe heav'nly ſmiles muſt drive him to deſpair.

Nor rich he is, nor yet of high degree,
Ambition never taught his wiſh to ſoar;
His boldeſt wiſh could ne'er aſpire to thee,
But loſt in hopeleſs ſilence muſt adore.

Farewell! and long unrivall'd may ye reign
Over all hearts as over his ſupreme;
Your beauteous contraſt ever ſhall remain
The ſcholar's ſubject, and the poet's theme.

MERCUTIO.

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An EPITAPH on OTHO, buried at Acton, June 1, 1775, at the expence of Mr. Hobbs.

BENEATH this ſod great Otho lies,
But reader!—let not that ſurpriſe:
Great folks are laid on hills and bogs,
Merits he had—a number too,
And when he bade this world adieu,
Otho was emperor———of dogs.

On COLMAN's TERRENCE.

WHEN Terrence liv'd, 'twas thought a merit,
To imitate Menander's ſpirit,
But how ſuperior is that wit,
Where Colman mends what Terence writ.

E. T.

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A NUPTIAL SONG.

By a Happy Huſband to his Wife.

BLESS'D with ſenſe, with temper bleſt,
Wiſdom o'er thy lips preſides;
Virtue guards thy generous breaſt,
Kindneſs all thy actions guides.
Every home-felt bliſs is mine;
Every matron grace is thine:
Chaſte deportment, artleſs mien,
Converſe ſweet, and heart ſerene,
Sinks my ſoul with gloomy pain?
See, ſhe ſmiles!—'Tis joy again!
Swells a paſſion in my breaſt?
Hark! ſhe ſpeaks; and all is reſt,
Oft as clouds my path o'erſpread,
(Doubtful where my ſteps ſhould tread)
She with judgment's ſteady ray,
Marks and ſmooths the better way:
Love! what haſt thou more to give,
Or, thou, friendſhip——to receive!
Libertines your boaſts forego;
Theſe are joys you ne'er can know!

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Lines deliver'd at Ranelagh, by a Maſque in the character of a Gardener.

A Gardener I come to this gay maſquerade,
Nor like you waſte my time, but am minding my trade.
I fancy my garden is now in my view—
Painted ladies in plenty, and coxcombs not few;
Each tint with which nature bedecks my gay bed!——
But here art takes the lead, and beſtows white and red;
Yet, for aiming at more than is fairly her due,
Her admirers from me ſhall have nothing but rue.

My lillies, my roſes, dare hither repair,
My roſe keeps its crimſon, the lilly's ſtill fair;
But let beauty not paint,—drop each maſk, lift each veil,
Then bluſh will my lillies, my roſes turn pale:
So take them, ye belles, and believe, for I know
A gard'ner can pleaſe you as well as a beau.

REY-

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REYNARD's DISAPPOINTMENT.

An EPIGRAM

* CHARLES reads the papers—deems 'tis true
That Gallia's monarch is turn'd Jew,
By manual operation;
So, thinking Hebrew King would lend
More than a Chriſtian ſop could ſpend,
He viſits the French nation.

With Broker Franklin to Verſailles
He carried bags of Congreſs tales
To forward his intent;
But—Hebrew King their offers ſpurn'd,
"With tail 'tween legs the Fox return'd"
As empty as he went.

* The Hon. Mr. C. Fox on his going to Paris, in 1776.

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To Miſs -------, WALNUT-TREE WALK.

THE dewy morn her ſaffron mantle ſpreads
High o'er the brow of yonder eaſtern hill;
Each blooming ſhrub a roſeat fragrance ſheds,
While the briſk ſky-lark ſings his carol ſhrill.

Now, where the willows to the riv'let bend
That winds its channel thro' the verdant mead,
I'll o'er the turf my waining form extend,
And reſt on ſedges dank my anxious head.

Not all the ſweets that ſcent the morning air,
Not all the flow'rs that paint the vernal year,
Can eaſe my boſom of its weighty care,
Or teach my eye to ſtop the falling tear.

In vain the ſtream o'er pebbles glides along,
And murmurs, ſweetly lulling, as it flows;
In vain the ſtock-dove chants the warbling ſong,
Inviting ſlumbers ſoft and kind repoſe.

'Tis not Eliza's ſcorn, Eliza's pride,
That ſinks my hopes in everlaſting night;
No charms to her the laviſh gods deny'd,
Who form'd her perfect, as they form'd her bright.

If

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If crowding myriads arm'd for deadly war,
Held from my longing eyes my boſom's queen;
And kept her deep in gloomy caves afar,
While mountains roſe, and oceans flow'd between,

" I might not force thro' ſpears and ſwords my way,
" I might not reach ſecure the diſtant ſhore;
" Yet, urg'd by Venus, I'd provoke the fray,
" Or periſh bravely in the tumult's roar.

" When fell ambition drives us to the plain,
" Diſmay'd by fear the doubting ſquadrons move;
" But I alike ſhould certain pleaſure gain,
" To fall, or conquer for the maid I love."

Ye fairy forms of gay deluſion, hence!
Your flattering viſions but encreaſe my ſmart;
I'll hear the ſacred voice of manly ſenſe,
And quell my paſſion, tho' I break my heart.

How frail my vows! my fix'd reſolves how vain!
No daring arm the power of love can brave;
One thought of Betſey wounds my love again,
Renews my woes, and binds me more her ſlave.

Lambeth, May 2, 1777. CELADON.

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On the talk'd of Marriage of Lord March with the fair Lady HARRIET STANHOPE.

I.

SAY, Jockey Lord, advent'rous Maccaroni,
So ſpruce, ſo old, ſo dapper, ſtiff and ſtarch,
Why quit the amble of thy paceing poney?
Why on a filly riſk the fame of March?

II

Conſult th' equeſtrian bard, wiſe Chiron Beever,
Or Dr. Heber's learned ſybil leaves,
And they, true members of the *Scavoir Vivre*,
Will tell the wond'rous things that love receives.

III.

Why in the ſpavin of your days, ſweet Sir,
Attempt to draw on Cupid's little boot,
Let Jockey Groſvenor's fate, alas! deter,
Oh, think, Newmarket Lord, what things may ſprout.

Few

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IV.

Few tits, perhaps, were ever higher bred,
What ſhoulders, limbs! you know, my Lord, ſhe ſtaunch is,
She's freſh from paſture, never back'd or fed,
For you, ſhe ſhould be thrown upon her haunches.

V.

Ah think, 'ſquire groom, inſtead of Pembroke's bits,
An abler rider oft has loſt his ſeat,
Young ſhould the Jockey be who mounts ſuch tits,
Or he'll be run away with every heat.

VI.

Stick to the Jockey club, attend your bard,
Nor ever think of dancing love's cotillon;
For Ligonier, who gallop'd quite as hard
Was double diſtanc'd by his own poſtillion.

On a certain Corniſh Borough with its new Charter.

BOROUGHS beware! for if you loſe your charters,
Your loſs may be repair'd with ſtars and garters;
But know that ſtars beyond a certain height,
Give to weak mortals neither heat nor light:
Say, ye who ſquander what your fathers won,
What need of garters, when the ſtocking's gone?

Old

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Old Ratcliff's patient, oft complaining, ſaid,
Sir, I have aching limbs and aching head.
The ſhrewd phyſician felt his pulſe, and then
Call'd for new paper, and preſcrib'd agen;
But ſtill the druggs and doſe were juſt the ſame,
He alter'd not the medicines, but the name.
Once on a time a pregnant bitch deſir'd
The fox to lend his kennel—ſo 'twas hir'd.
The bitch lay down—was quickly brought to bed;
Her yelping litter o'er the ſtraw was ſpread.
But the fox, fearing leſt the numerous brood
Should grow ſo mighty ſoon to be withſtood,
Wiſh'd that the ſtrangers might themſelves withdraw;
The fox his right, the ſtrangers pleaded law.
But the old bitch with puppies now full grown,
Drove out the fox, and call'd his den their own.
Three mighty powers alike to plunder prone,
On Poland prey, and Poland's Prince dethrone;
With neither right nor reaſon on their ſide,
They keep the kingdom, and the ſpoil divide:
But if we mind ſage Solomon's decree,
Who ſplits the child, the father ne'er can be.

C.

The

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The elegant and poetical little Sonnet of Signor Abbate Buondelmonte.

" SPESSO amor ſotto la forma
" " D'amiſtà ride, e s'asconde:
" Poi ſi miſchia, e ſi confonde
" Con lo ſdegno, e col rancor.
" In pietade ei ſi trasforma;
" Par traſtullo, e par diſpetto;
" Ma nel ſuo diverſo aſpetto
" Sempr' egli, e l'iſteſſo amor."

A Latin tranſlation, or rather an imitation of the above, by the celebrated Mr. Gray, in a letter to his friend Mr. Weſt.

" Luſit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
" Et bene compoſitâ veſte ſerfellit amor.
" Mox iræ aſſumſit cultus, faciemque minantem,
" Inque odium verſus, verſus et in lacrymas;
" Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
" Idem eſt diſſimili ſemper in ore Deus.

VARANES.

Verſes

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Verſes addreſſed to Miſs Donaldſon, at Drontheim, in Norway.

WHILE Donaldſon with gay delight,
Among the Gothic fair appears,
As Cynthia in a cloudleſs night,
Serene amidſt the meaner ſtars:
Like the poor bard of Thrace I rove,
Forlorn, and weep my abſent love.

No more I viſit Glenco's vale,
Where ſhepherds meet in ſocial glee;
Where oft thy beauty grace their tale;
Where oft they ſing of love and thee:
No more I hunt in ſhades unſeen,
My goddeſs hid, my rural queen.

But like that injur'd Cretan maid,
Who lorn on deſart Naxos ſtood,
And ſaw her Theſeus' ſails diſplay'd,
His ſwift bark plow th' Ægean flood:
I hopeleſs live, by love undone,
And haunt the ſhores, and weep alone.

Unleſs

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Unleſs at eve, in ſweeter ſtrains,
My ſad plaint Progne's ſiſter join;
When echo tells the diſtant plains,
Of Tereus' cruelty and thine:
But, ah! my boſom trebly glows
With Philomela's fabled woes.

Not all the love and anxious cares,
That racks the fond maternal breaſt,
Whoſe darling ſon purſues the wars,
And dangers of the fartheſt Eaſt:
Nor grief of childleſs Niobe,
Can equal what I feel for thee.

Soon as the hov'ring ſhades of night,
Are weſtward driv'n by jocund day,
I riſe, and from ſome cheerleſs height,
Afar the ſhipleſs waves ſurvey;
And to the ſenſeleſs floods complain,
Of hopeleſs love and cold diſdain.

Or on ſome cliff that beetles o'er
The margin of the boiſt'rous deep,
I ſit and hear the billows roar,
And with the love-lorn echo weep,
'Till the bright evening ſtar appears,
And Cynthia witneſs to my tears.

In

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In old-time each revolving night,
Fair Hero from the turret high.
Her creſſet hung, whoſe chearful light
Far ſtreaming thro' the darken'd ſky,
Was young Leander's faithful guide
O'er Helleſpont's rough billowy tide.

But tho' from ſome cloud-kiſſing tow'r,
Thy lamp, like Veſper's evening ſtar,
Shone for my Tyrian Cynoſure;
Yet, ah! what ſhipleſs lover dare,
The wild waves of the Norway ſea,
And ev'ry ſhip's deny'd to me.

Come then while now propitious gales,
Swift Eurus wings from eaſtern ſkies,
For ſea-girt Albion ſpread thy ſails,
Nor fear that adverſe winds ariſe;
And pitileſs at Neptune's ſhrine,
Devote that ſacred head of thine.

For Venus o'er her native ſeas,
Shall guide the bark from dangers free;
And Æol temper ev'ry breeze,
And Nereus ſmooth the waves for thee;
For thee ſhall Cynthia nightly riſe,
Illume the deep and gild the ſkies.

Chal

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Chaſte Queen of Stars, when thund'ring Jove,
Endymion curs'd with endleſs ſleep,
She veil'd in clouds and led by love,
Sought the dear youth on Latmus' ſteep;
And on her unpolluted breaſt,
Pillow'd his head to ſweeter reſt.

But thou art cold as polar ſnow,
And Cynthia's kindneſs laught'ſt to ſcorn;
Thy Scythian heart nor feels for woe,
Nor yields to love the leaſt return:
For years I've mourn'd thy fierce diſdain,
Unpitied ſigh'd, and weep'd in vain.

Go then, my verſe, that ſoft'ning fire,
To Peggy's frozen breaſt impart,
Which tun'd the Thracian poet's lyre,
And melted Pluto's ſtubborn heart;
With which the Paphian goddeſs ſtrung
The Leſbian lute, when Sappho ſung.

J. H.

Fortuna.

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Fortuna fortes meluit, ignavos premit. SEN.

WHETHER from fate, or ſome more potent cauſe,
The necks of Britons muſt ſubmit to laws;
By wicked means combin'd to give us pain,
In this polluted and inglorious reign,
With ſome it doubtful is; with me 'tis clear,
From deſtiny we nothing have to fear.
Britons themſelves muſt blame; alas! there lies
The ſource of all our griefs, and louder cries;
Purge from the land thoſe lubbers of the ſtate,
Stateſmen, and ſenators deſerving hate;
Like Pharaoh's cattle they diſgrace the ſoil,
In one year eating up a ſeven year's toil:
No wonder that the land is always ſtarving,
When, of all things, ſuch wretches have the carving.

T. L.

The End of the Firſt VOLUME.

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